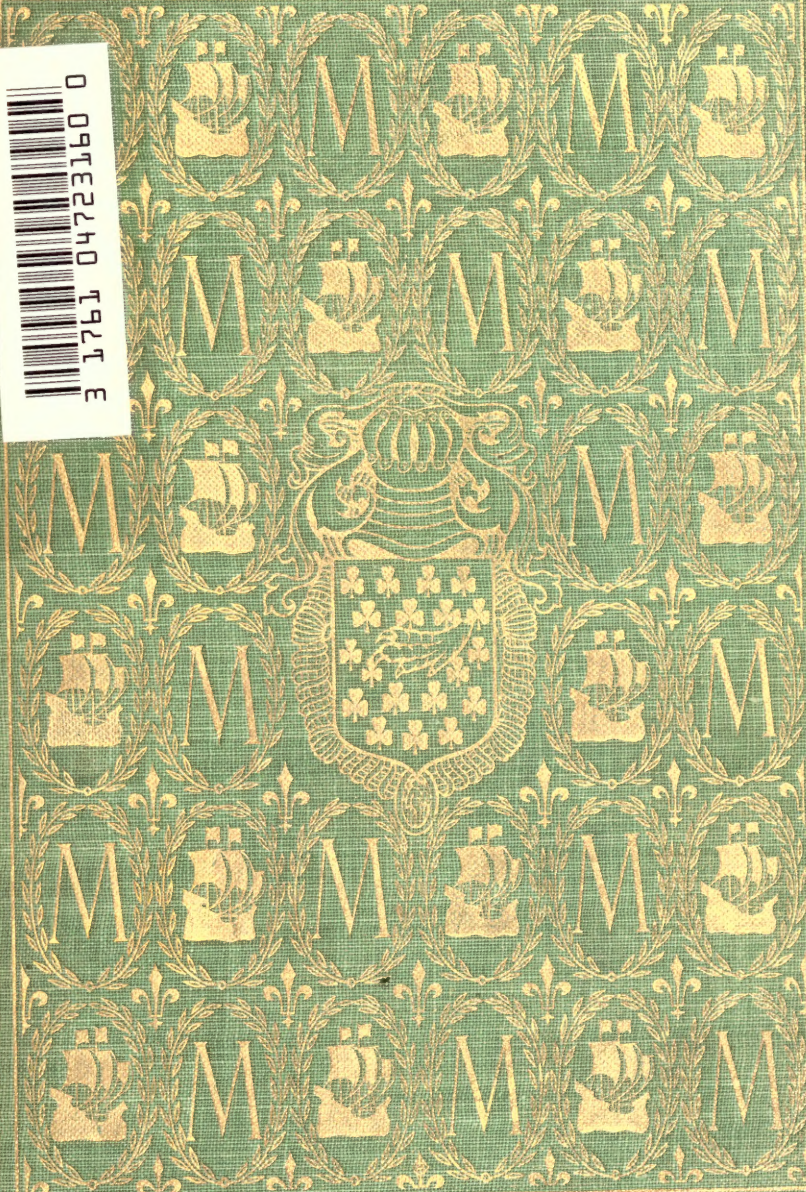
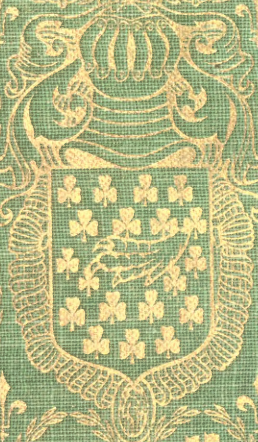




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THE JOURNAL OF
MONTAIGNE'S TRAVELS
IN ITALY







Museo Vaticano

Medal of Pope Gregory XIII.

THE JOURNAL OF
MONTAIGNE'S TRAVELS
IN ITALY BY WAY OF SWITZER-
LAND AND GERMANY
IN 1580 AND 1581

TRANSLATED AND EDITED
WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

By W. G. WATERS

AUTHOR OF "JEROME CARDAN," ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES

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CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
IX. LORETO TO THE BATHS OF LUCCA	I
X. THE BATHS OF LUCCA	37
XI. FLORENCE	95
XII. PISA.	111
XIII. RETURN TO LUCCA	132
XIV. SECOND VISIT TO ROME	151
XV. JOURNEY HOME	172
INDEX	206

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. III

POPE GREGORY XIII (<i>Photogravure</i>)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
ANCONA	<i>To face page 1</i>
URBINO	„ 12
FLORENCE	„ 94
THE AQUEDUCT OF NERO	„ 166
THE BATHS OF DIOCLETIAN	„ 168
ROME	„ 170
PONTE MOLLE	„ 172





ANCONA

From Civitates Orbis Terrarum

THE JOURNAL OF
MONTAIGNE'S TRAVELS
IN ITALY

IX

LORETO TO THE BATHS OF LUCCA

ON the Wednesday after dinner I travelled through a fertile open country of a varied character, and after a journey of fifteen miles I arrived at Ancona in time for supper. Ancona is the capital of the Marches, which district was called by the Latins *Picænum*. The city is populous, swarming especially with Greeks, Turks, and Slavonians, and a busy place of traffic. It is well built, flanked on either side by lofty hills, which project into the sea, one of these being occupied by a strong fort, by which we entered, and the

2 LORETO TO BATHS OF LUCCA

other by a church. Between these heights and the slopes thereof the town is built, the main part being placed in the bottom of the valley and along by the sea, where there is a very fine port, and near thereto a magnificent arch built in honour of the Emperor Trajan, his wife, and his sister. The sea passage over into Sclavonia is often made in eight, ten, or twelve hours, and I believe that for six crowns, or a little more, I might have hired a bark to take me to Venice. I paid thirty-three pistoles for the hire of eight horses as far as Lucca, eight days' journey, the *vetturino* agreeing to feed the horses and to give me the use of the same for four or five days in addition, if necessary, provided I should pay the outlay on the horses and servants.

I saw many setting dogs in this country, and could have bought one for six crowns. I never ate so many quails before, albeit they were very lean. I put off my departure on the 27th until after dinner, in order to enjoy the beautiful prospect of the town

and its situation. At S. Ciriaco,¹ the church placed on one of the hills beforenamed, there are more famous relics than in any other church in the world, but these were not exhibited. We had it from the people here that the quails fly over hither in great numbers from Sclavonia, and that nets are set for them every night on the shore, the hunters luring them on by imitating their cry and calling them down from their high flight in the air. It is said, moreover, that in September they return to Sclavonia. During the night I heard cannon shots in the Abruzzi, which is in the kingdom of Naples, and from parts yet more remote. All along the coast towers are built a league distant one from the other, and whenever any sentinel espies a pirate ship he gives

¹ The cathedral. It stands on the summit of Monte Guasco above the harbour, and is supposed to occupy the site of a temple of Venus. Its present design is attributed, on doubtful authority, to Margaritone of Arezzo. Montaigne's statement about the relics is hardly borne out by the existing collection, which is of the ordinary character: bits of the wood of the cross, nails, spear-heads, &c.

4 LORETO TO BATHS OF LUCCA

warning by firing a gun to the tower next to him. So rapidly is intelligence sped by this method that it has been found that word may be passed from the extreme point of Italy to Venice in an hour.

The name Ancona is derived from the Greek word¹ describing the corner which the sea makes in this spot. The two horns of the coast project and leave between them a deep depression in which the town stands, protected in the front by these two headlands, and in the rear by a high ridge where formerly stood a fort. The Greeks still have their church, over the door of which is an ancient stone inscribed with certain characters which I take to be Slavonic.² The women here are for the most part good-looking, and I saw many decent-looking men and good artisans. After dinner we followed the road by the sea, which is calmer and less turbulent than our western ocean. The

¹ 'Αγκών, an elbow.

² This inscription is no longer in existence. The church referred to is S. Maria di Porta Cipriana, in which the Greek rite was allowed by Clement VII. in 1524.

land is cultivated almost to the water's edge. After travelling twenty miles we arrived at Sinigaglia in time for bed.

This is a pretty little town, situated in a fine level country and hard by the sea, possessed of a good harbour, and washed on one side by a river which comes down from the mountains. The port is excellently fitted, the quays on either side being covered with wooden framework, where the ships lie in safety, and the entrance furnished with chains. I saw no remains of antiquity. We lodged outside the town in an excellent inn, the only one in the place, which they say was called of old *Senogallia*, after our forefathers who settled there in the days when they were overthrown by Camillus; now it is under the rule of the Duke of Urbino.¹ At this time I felt somewhat unwell, for on the day I left Rome when M. d' Ossat² was walking with me, I saluted a

¹ Francesco Maria II. (Della Rovere).

² Secretary to Paul de Foix, the French ambassador at Rome.

6 LORETO TO BATHS OF LUCCA

gentleman we met, and I did this in so maladroit a fashion that I injured the corner of my right eye with my right thumb, so much so that it bled and remained much inflamed for a long time. When it healed—*Erat tunc dolor ad unguem sinistrum*. I forgot to mention that I saw at Ancona in the church of San Ciriaco a tombstone to the memory of a certain *Antonia Rocamoro, patre : matre, Valletta : Galla, Aquitana : Paciocco Urbinati, Lusitano nupta*, who was buried ten or twelve years ago. We quitted Sinigaglia early in the morning, and followed a very agreeable road running by the sea coast. Near dinner time we crossed the Metro, *Metaurus*, by a large wooden bridge, and dined at Fano, fifteen miles on our road.

This is a small town in a fine and fertile plain, and close to the sea. It is badly built, with narrow, confined streets; but we found excellent provision of bread and wine and fish, though the rooms were poor.¹ Fano

¹ These remarks apply exactly to Fano at the present day.

has an advantage over the other towns of this coast, such as Sinigaglia, Pesaro, and others, in that it is abundantly supplied with fresh water, which is laid on to many public and private fountains, while the people of these other towns must needs fetch their water from the hills. We saw there a fine ancient arch¹ bearing an inscription in the name of Augustus, *qui muros dederat*. The town was known as Fanum Fortunæ. Here, as in other places in Italy, they use a wheel for boulding flour, wherefore their bakers get through more work in one hour than ours in four. At almost every inn are to be found rhymesters, who will reel off on the spur of the moment a string of doggerel appropriate to their hearers. There is a musical instrument in every shop, even at the stocking-darner's at the corner of the street. Fano is famous beyond all the other towns of Italy

¹ It was erected in honour of Augustus and enlarged by Constantine. It was dedicated to each of these Emperors. The attic portion, built by Constantine, was almost ruined during the assault of the city by Federigo da Montefeltro in 1463.

S LORETO TO BATHS OF LUCCA

for its fair women, but all those we saw were very ugly indeed. I heard from a goodman of the town, of whom I made inquiry on this matter, that the days for the blooming of such beauty were past and gone. On this route the charge for dinner is about ten soldi, each person paying some twenty soldi per diem for everything, and thirty soldi per diem for the hire and maintenance of each horse. This town belongs to the Church.

We failed to see certain towns which lay a little farther along the sea-coast road: Pesaro, a fine city, and well worth a visit; Rimini, and the ancient city of Ravenna—Pesaro being especially interesting, according to report, on account of a fine house which the Duke of Urbino¹ has recently caused to be erected on a remarkable site. This same road goes on to Venice. We quitted the sea-coast, and, turning to the left, we tra-

¹ Probably the Villa Impenale, built by Leonora Gonzaga, wife of Francesco Maria I. (della Rovere). It is now in ruins.

versed a wide plain watered by the *Metaurus*. On either hand delightful hillsides came in sight, the aspect of this country being not unlike that of the plain of Blaignac about Castillon. On the other side of this river was fought the battle¹ between the Romans under Salinator and Claudius Nero and Hasdrubal, who was there slain.

Fossombrone,² fifteen miles distant from Fano, and belonging to the Duke of Urbino, stands at the entrance to the mountains, which close up towards each other at the end of the flat country. The town stands close to the mountain slopes, and in its lower parts possesses one or two fine straight streets, uniform and well built. Nevertheless, report says, the people are much poorer than those of Fano. In the public place is a large marble pedestal with a long inscription of the age of Trajan, written in honour of a certain inhabitant of

¹ Livy, xxviii. 48. The battle was fought B.C. 207.

² The ancient city, Forum Sempronii, is supposed to have stood about a mile farther towards Fano. It was ruined by the Goths and Lombards.

the place ;¹ and set against the wall is another without any sign to proclaim its date. This place was formerly called *Forum Sempronii*, and the people now maintain that the original town stood farther towards the plain, and that ruins of the same are still to be found on a vastly better site. Here is a stone bridge which carries the *Via Flaminia* over the *Metaurus*. Seeing that I arrived in good time—for the miles are short ones, and we are seldom in the saddle more than seven or eight hours—I had plenty of time to talk with the good folk of the place, and to glean from them information concerning their town and its surroundings. We visited a garden belonging to the cardinal of Urbino,² in which

¹ Caius Edius Verus. A statue in his honour was erected by the people of Forum Sempronii. The pedestal referred to by Montaigne is now in the Passionist Library. (A.)

² Giulio, the son of Francesco Maria I. (della Rovere) and Eleanora Gonzaga. He was born in 1533, and made a cardinal by Paul III. when he was thirteen. He was at one time suspected of a leaning towards heretical opinions. He was a munificent benefactor to Loreto, and bequeathed to the shrine all his personal goods. He died at Fossombrone in 1578, and lies buried in S. Chiara at Urbino.

were many vines grafted upon other stocks, and I had some talk with one Vincentius Castellani, a worthy man of letters and a citizen of the place.

On the following morning I departed, and at the third milestone I turned to the left; and, having crossed the bridge over the Cardiana,¹ a stream which joins the Metaurus, I went three miles through the mountains, over a narrow and difficult road, at the end of which we came upon a passage, fifty good paces in length, which had been fashioned through a high rock.² On account of the magnitude of the work, Augustus, who had

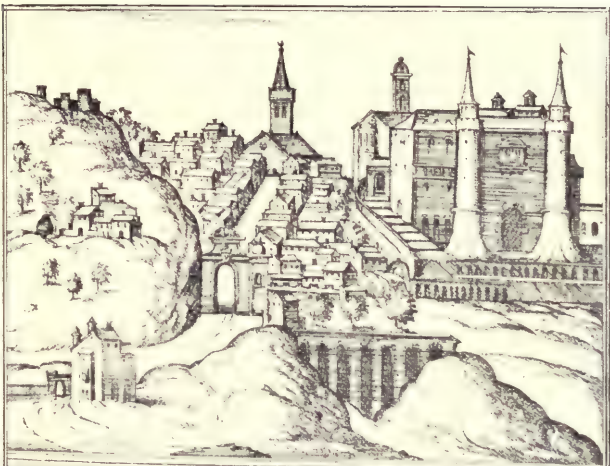
¹ Sometimes written Gauno. Ariosto, c. xliii. :—

“Pel monte che il Metauro e il Gauno pende
Passa Apennino e più non eta a man dritto.”

² The pass of Furlo. An inscription at the north end records its construction by the order of Vespasian. There is no trace of the inscription in honour of Augustus which Montaigne mentions, but this emperor was interested in the maintenance of the Flaminian Way. “And that the Avenues on every side to the City might be more passable, he took in hand himselfe to reparaire the high way or Cawsie Flaminia, so farre as to Ariminuum.” Suetonius, *Oct. Caesar Aug.*, c. 30 (Holland’s trans.).

first set his hand thereto, caused an inscription to be put up in his name. This, however, has perished by time ; but another inscription in honour of Vespasian is still to be seen at the other end of the pass. Everywhere round about are remains of vast constructions of great height for the conveyance of water, and below the road rocks of enormous thickness have been cut through or levelled. All along this road, the Via Flaminia, which leads to Rome, are traces of the great stones used for paving, but most of these are buried ; and the road, which was originally forty feet wide, is now not more than four. I went out of my way to visit this spot, and then retraced my steps to get once more on my road, which took me at the foot of a range of fertile, gently sloping hills. Towards the end of our journey the road ran now up and now down hill, and at the end of sixteen miles we found ourselves at Urbino.

I could discover no remarkable merit in this place. It is set on the top of a mountain of moderate height, but the town



VRBINO.



URBINO

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straggles all over the acclivities of the site so that there is scarcely a level foot, and it is up hill or down hill wherever you go. It was Saturday and a market day. We saw the palace,¹ which is renowned for its beauty, a huge mass, the foundations of which rest upon the very foot of the hill. The view extends over a thousand other of the adjacent mountains, but is not especially beautiful. To make up for the want of amenity in the palace without and within—there is only one little garden about twenty-five paces wide—they declare that it contains as many chambers as there are days in the year. This may well be true, for the number of rooms is very great, as

¹ The famous palace built for Duke Federigo di Montefeltro by Luciano di Laurana and Baccio Pontelli. Castiglione, in "The Courtyer," agrees with Montaigne that the site of Urbino leaves something to be desired: "The which for all it is placed emong hylles, and those not so pleasaunt as perhappes some other that we behoulde in manye places" (Hoby's trans.). But seeing how appreciative Montaigne shows himself of mountain scenery in other parts, it is strange that he should withhold praise from the distant prospects from Urbino, which are particularly grand and beautiful.

at Tivoli and other Italian palaces. Looking through one doorway you may often see twenty other doors in succession on one side, and twenty or more on the other. Some portions of the palace are ancient, but the greater part of it was built in 1476 by Federigo Maria della Rovere, who has set forth therein the style and dignity of his various offices and his exploits in war.¹ The palace walls are covered in many places with inscriptions of this sort, and one of them declares that this is the fairest dwelling in the world. It is built of brick and vaulted throughout, with none of the wooden ceilings so common in Italy.

The present duke is grand-nephew of the builder of the palace:² the princes of this family having all been good rulers, and beloved by their subjects. The love of

¹ This is a mistake. No ruler of Urbino ever bore this name; and the palace was built by the great Federigo di Montefeltro, who became count in 1444 and duke in 1474.

² Montaigne is again in error. The reigning duke was Francesco Maria II. He was the great-great-grandson of Federigo, the builder of the palace.

letters has come down from father to son, and the library of the palace is a fine one, but the key of it was not to be found. The duke is all in the Spanish interests, and the arms of Spain appear everywhere in favoured positions: the order of England¹ and the Golden Fleece are also displayed, but none of ours. They showed to us a portrait of the first Duke of Urbino, a young man who was slain by his subjects for his unjust dealing,² but he was not of this family. The present duke has to wife the sister of the Duke of Ferrara,³ who is

¹ Federigo and his son Guidobaldo I. were both Knights of the Garter.

² Oddantonio di Montefeltro. He was killed in a popular rising in 1444, which was probably instigated by certain emissaries of Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta of Rimini. There is no extant portrait of him at Urbino. What Montaigne saw was probably the picture of the "Flagellation," in the sacristy of the Duomo, by Piero della Francesca, on one side of which are three figures supposed to represent Oddantonio and the evil counsellors sent by Malatesta to lead him to ruin. This assumption is, however, entirely unfounded.

³ Lucrezia d'Este, born in 1535 and married to the duke in 1570. She spent almost all her time at the court of Ferrara. After her death her husband married

ten years his senior, but they are on bad terms and live apart, for no other reason, according to rumour, than the jealousy of the duchess. Thus, besides the disparity of age—she being forty-five years of age—there is little hope of children, and if heirs fail the duchy will revert to the Church, an event which would be very distasteful to the people.

I saw there the life-size portrait of Picus Mirandula:¹ the face pale, very handsome, and beardless, of a youth of seventeen or eighteen, with a long nose, soft eyes, scant of flesh, and with blonde hair, which came down over the shoulders. The costume he wore

Livia della Rovere and had one son, Federigo Ubaldo, but this youth died in his father's lifetime in 1623, and the following year Francesco Maria surrendered the duchy to Urban VIII.

¹ This portrait is almost certainly the one which is now in the Uffizi at Florence. On the death of Francesco Maria della Rovere in 1631, Claudia dei Medici, the widow of his son, returned to Florence, and took with her several of the pictures from the palace of Urbino—notably the portraits of Federigo di Montefeltro and the Duchess Battista, by Piero della Francesca—and transferred them to the Uffizi. The portrait of Pico probably went at the same time.

was a strange one. In many places in Italy they are wont to build the staircases very level, with shallow steps, so that a man on horseback can easily reach the top. Here the stairs are thus built, and laid with tiles set on edge. The place is by report very cold, and the duke as a rule lives here only during the summer; this statement being confirmed by the fact that in two of the ducal chambers are to be seen other apartments contrived in a corner, and closed on all sides save by one window, which lets in light from the chamber aforesaid. In these apartments the state beds are arranged.

After dinner I again turned aside from my road and went about five miles to visit a spot which has been known in all ages as the Tomb of Hasdrubal. It stands on a high abrupt hill called Monte Deci,¹ where are four or five mean cottages and a little church, and a building of thick bricks or tiles, about twenty-five paces in circumference and the

¹ Monte d'Elce. The monument referred to still exists, though greatly defaced.

same height in feet, and surrounded by seats fashioned of the same bricks and set at intervals of three feet. I cannot say what name masons give to these constructions, something like flying buttresses, which they use as supports. We entered the place from above, there being no door below, and found within a vaulted chamber and nought else—no hewn stone, no inscriptions; but the people of the place affirmed that it formerly contained a marble tablet bearing certain marks, which tablet had been removed not long ago. How the tower got the name it bears I cannot say, and I hardly believe it can be what it claims to be, but it is certain that Hasdrubal was defeated and slain close to the spot. The road became very hilly and deep with mud for an hour after a shower of rain which fell. We crossed the Metaurus by a ford, the stream being here a torrent and too shallow to carry a boat, indeed we had crossed it once before since dining, and found a good road to Castel Durante, fifteen miles from Urbino.

This small town, belonging to the Duke of Urbino, is built on level ground along the Metaurus. The people were firing guns and making merry over the birth of a son to the Princess of Bisignano, the duke's sister.¹ Our *vetturini* here unsaddled the horses and unbridled them as well, and then, without any discrimination, let them drink what water they would. Both here and at Urbino the wine was adulterated.

On the Sunday morning we came to a plain which, as well as the slopes adjacent, seemed fertile enough, and then passed through Sant' Angelo, a pretty little town belonging to the Duke of Urbino, and lying on the banks of the Metaurus, the approaches thereto being very handsome. Because it was the eve of May-day they served us some of the little frogs that were wont to be eaten at Mid-Lent.² Continuing our course along the plain we passed through another village,

¹ Isabella, daughter of Guidobaldo II., married Niccolò Sanseverino, Prince of Bisignano.

² *Petites reines du micarême.*

called Marcatello, and having travelled ten miles along a road which, after quitting Marcatello, began to go uphill, we arrived for dinner at Borgo a Pasci, a small village with a wretched inn at a corner of the mountain. We took only a sup. Then we followed at first a wild and stony track, and had to mount for two miles to the top of the pass, after which came a descent of four miles, the road being stony and wearisome, but not frightful or dangerous, seeing that there were no precipices so abrupt that the eye could not find some point whereon to rest. We had followed the Metaurus to its first home, its source being in these mountains, and had seen it lose itself in the sea at Sinigaglia. As we descended from this height there came in sight a broad and lovely plain, through which ran the Tiber, here some eight miles from its source, and other mountains beyond; a view not unlike that which presents itself in the Lorraine of Auvergne to those who may come down from the Puy de Domme to Clermont. At

the top of the pass we emerged from the dominions of the Duke of Urbino into those of the Duke of Florence, those of the Pope lying on the left hand. We arrived for supper at Borgo San Sepolcro, thirteen miles from our last halt.

This little town belongs to the Duke of Florence, and contains nought worth notice. We left it on the first of May, and a mile from the town we passed by a stone bridge over the Tiber, which is here a clear and beautiful stream, a proof that the dirty tawny hue which it bears at Rome—Flavum Tiberim—is caused by the admixture of some other stream. We went for four miles over this plain and came upon a little town on the top of the first hill we ascended. Here, as elsewhere along the road, divers young girls came to meet us, and took hold of our horses' bridles, singing and begging a gift for the feast of the day. From this hill we descended into a deep stony valley which we followed for some time, riding beside the bed of a torrent, and then we had

to mount another barren, stony hill, from the top of which we caught sight of a wide plain. In traversing this we crossed the Chiasso and the Arno by stone bridges, the bridge over the last-named stream being very fine and large; and, having ridden eighteen miles, we put up for the night at Ponte Boriano, where there was but one small house in which we were very badly lodged, as on the three previous nights, and indeed at wellnigh every halting-place on this route.

It would be the height of folly to bring good horses into these parts, seeing that no hay is to be got. After dinner we travelled over a long level track which was full of horrible gaping cracks made by the water in very strange fashion; a vile place to traverse in the winter, I can well imagine, but they are now repairing the road. After this we passed, about two miles to our left, the town of Arezzo, which stands in this same plain on a site which seemed somewhat higher than the surrounding country. We crossed the Ambra by a very high and hand-

some stone bridge, and supped at Levarella after a journey of ten miles. The inn stands a mile outside the village and has a great reputation, being reckoned—and with reason—to be the best in Tuscany, and indeed, judged by the Italian standard, it is one of the best anywhere. So excellent is the cheer that the neighbouring gentry—so we were told—often meet there, as at Le More's¹ in Paris or at Guillot's² at Amiens. They served us on pewter plates, a luxury very rare in these parts. The inn stands by itself, finely situated on level ground, out of which rises a spring of water. We left in the morning and travelled over the plain by a fine straight road, passing through four little walled towns, Montevarchi, S. Giovanni, Figline,

¹ Le More's seems to have been a Parisian *restaurant de luxe*. "Chacun veut aujourd'hui aller diner chez Le More, chez Samson, chez Innocent, chez Havart, ministres de volupté et de profusion, et qui dans un royaume bien policé seroient bannis et chassés comme corrupteurs des mœurs" (Baudrillart, *Hist. du Luxe*, iii. 506).

² Rabelais, i. 51, "un beau cabaret assez retirant a celluy de Guillot en Amiens." Motteux evidently misread the name, as he renders it as "Will's at Amiens."

and Ancisa,¹ and reached Pian della Fonte in time for dinner, after riding twelve miles.

The inn here is indifferent: near by is a spring, a little above Ancisa in the Val d'Arno, which is celebrated by Petrarch; indeed, it is held by some that Ancisa was his birthplace. Certainly they claim this honour for a house some mile distant, of which now only a few paltry fragments remain: in any case they point out the place.²

¹ Incisa.

² Petrarch was born at Arezzo, whither his family had fled during the Bianchi and Neri troubles. They dwelt, however, at Incisa, and the remains of the house are said still to exist. One of the walls bears a tablet with the following inscription:—

Perche
Della casa paterna
di
FRANCESCO PETRARCH
Colpa di secoli ingrati
Meglio che dalle cure degli uomini
Rispettata dal tempo
Una memoria restasse
Antonio Brucalassi incisano
Correndo il giorno sesto d'Aprile
MDCCCXXXII
Fra le antiche ruine
Consacrò questo marmo.

Here they were planting melons amongst others which had been planted some time before, in the expectation of gathering the same in August. This morning I felt my head heavy and my sight troubled, these being symptoms of those headaches with which I have been affected for the last ten years. This valley was formerly a morass, and Livy relates how Hannibal was forced to ride an elephant when he traversed it, and lost one of his eyes on account of the severity of the season: ¹ it is assuredly a flat and low-lying country and greatly at the mercy of the floods of the Arno. I refused to eat at dinner, but I repented of this, for had I eaten I might have vomited, and I always find the speediest remedy thereby. Otherwise I am troubled by my head for a day or two, as was now the case. The road was crowded with country-folk taking provisions to Florence, where we arrived after crossing one of the four stone bridges over the Arno, having ridden twelve miles.

¹ Livy, xxii. 2-3.

On the morrow, after we had heard mass, we set forth and turned a little from our direct route to go visit Castello,¹ of which I have spoken in another place ; but it chanced that, when we arrived there, the duke's daughters, who were in residence, were just passing through the garden to hear mass, wherefore we were requested to wait a while, but this I was not disposed to do. On this road we met several processions. First came the banner, then the women, most of whom are very good-looking, and all wearing straw hats, which they make better here than anywhere else ;² these moreover were very well clad for villagers, some wearing heeled shoes and some white slippers. After the women the priest walked, and after him the men.

¹ See vol. ii., p. 54.

² In Tuscany the art of straw-plaiting is a very old one, dating from the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries. In the sixteenth it had attained great importance in Signa and the adjacent villages. Francesco Naldi and Domenico Michelacci, a Bolognese, were its chief promoters and the pioneers of foreign trade. It now exists chiefly in Fiesole, and though fallen off somewhat, is an important branch of industry.

The day before we had met a procession of monks, almost every one of them wearing a straw hat.

Our road led us through a plain very fair and wide, and here, in sooth, I was bound to admit that neither Orleans, nor Tours, nor even Paris, can boast of environs so richly set with villages and houses as Florence; which, with regard to fine houses and palaces, comes first without a doubt. Continuing our way, we came, after riding ten miles, to Prato in time for dinner. This small town, belonging to the Duke of Florence, is situated on the river Bisenzio, which we crossed by a stone bridge at the entry to the town. In no other country are the bridges so numerous or so well maintained; moreover, along the highways we frequently saw large stone pillars inscribed with notices as to what State was responsible for the repair of the roads. At Prato, in the palace, we saw the name and the arms of the Legate Du Prat,¹ who was, as they told us, a native of this place. Over

¹ Cardinal Niccolò.

the door of the palace is a large statue, crowned and holding an orb in the hand, and at the feet thereof is written *Rex Robertus*.¹ The people here affirm that the town once belonged to us, and, certes, the *fleurs de lys* are everywhere to be seen, and the arms of the town are *fleurs de lys or* on a field *gules*. The cathedral here is a fine one, and adorned with a quantity of black and white marble.

On leaving Prato we again went off our road and journeyed some four miles to visit Poggio,² a house belonging to the duke, situated on the Ombrone, of which they make great boast. It is built on the plan of

¹ Robert d'Anjou, Duke of Apulia. Prato came under his sway in 1313, and in 1326 passed to his son Charles of Calabria. In 1350 the city was sold to the Florentines for 17,500 gold florins. The statue no longer exists. Montaigne again mistakes the lilies of Florence for those of France.

² Poggio a Cajano. This villa was originally in possession of the Cancellieri family of Pistoia, with whom originated the factions of the Neri and Bianchi. It was rebuilt for Lorenzo dei Medici by Giuliano di San Gallo, and decorated by Andrea del Sarto and Pontormo for Leo X. It was the scene of the mysterious tragedy of Bianca Capello in 1587.

Pratolino, and what is remarkable about it is that the builders were able to find room for a hundred fair chambers in so small a space. Amongst other things I saw there many sets of very beautiful bed furniture, albeit of no great value, seeing that they were of that light variegated stuff made entirely of fine wool, interwoven with a fourfold thread of taffetas of the same shade. We saw there also the laboratory of the duke, and his work-room fitted with a lathe and other instruments, this prince being a great mechanician. Thence we went fourteen miles by a direct road running through an exceedingly fertile country, the road being fenced in by a hedge formed by the vines attached to the trees, a very beautiful sight, and arrived at Pistoia in time for supper.

This is a large town on the Ombrone, with broad streets, paved, like those of Florence, Prato, Lucca, and other places, with large, wide slabs of stone. I forgot to say that, from the apartments at Poggio, Florence, Prato, and Pistoia may be seen when sitting

at table. While we were there the duke was at Pratolino. At Pistoia we saw very few people about the streets; but the churches are fine, as well as many of the houses. I inquired concerning the sale of the straw hats, which they make at fifteen soldi apiece, and which, in my opinion, would be well worth as many francs in France. In ancient times Catiline was overthrown in a battle close to the town.¹ In one of the rooms at Poggio is some tapestry representing hunting of all sorts, and I remarked that one of these was an ostrich chase, the birds being followed by men on horseback and pierced with javelins. The Latins called Pistoia *Pistorium*,² and it now belongs to the Duke of Florence. Legend records that the ancient feuds of the houses of Cancellieri³ and Panciatici reduced

¹ *Villani Chron.*, B. i. c. 5, 7, 30-38. According to Sallust, the battlefield lies some twelve miles from Pistoia, but a modern column with a commemorative inscription has been erected near the city.

² Brunetto Latini says (*Tesoro*, l. 37) that the place takes its name from the pestilence which broke out after Catiline's defeat.

³ *Villani Chron.*, B. viii. 37.

its population greatly, so that now it does not contain more than eight thousand people, while Lucca, which is no bigger as a city, numbers twenty-five thousand or more. Messer Taddeo Rospigliosi, who had received from Rome a letter written in my favour by Giovanni Franchini, invited me and all those of my company to dine at his house on the morrow. His palace was full of ornament, but the service at table was somewhat rough, and the supply of meat and of attendants was scanty. Additional wine was served after dinner as in Germany. We went to the principal church, and remarked that the elevation of the Host was accompanied by the sound of trumpets, while amongst the boys in the choir were several priests who played upon sackbuts. This poor city pretends to make up for its lost liberties by maintaining a vain semblance of its ancient state. There are nine priors and a Gonfalonier, who are elected every two months, and have the charge of public order. They are maintained by the duke, as they were

formerly by the Republic, and lodged in the palace, which they scarcely ever quit, save when they go out all together, being kept continually under restraint.¹ The Gonfalonier walks in front of the Podestà, the ducal officer who possesses all the real power, and returns no salutation made to him, simulating a dignity which is altogether imaginary. I felt pity at the sight of men thus satisfied with these apish tricks; moreover, the Grand Duke now wrings from them a tax tenfold greater than what was paid formerly.

In most of the large gardens of Italy the principal alleys are laid down with grass, which is kept mown. Just at this season the

¹ In Tuscany the theory of the communal magistracy was, that it should hold itself constantly at the service of the public. The priors were not allowed to go to their own houses except in cases of sickness. After midnight they might go out attended by one or other of their servants. They might not follow any trade or calling, or attend weddings or funerals, or take their meals apart. Neither Gonfaloniere nor priors might leave the city; they must remain all day long in the palace, where all games, except chess, were forbidden.

cherries began to ripen, and on our way from Pistoia to Lucca we met divers villagers, who offered baskets of strawberries for sale. We set out on Ascension Day after dinner, and for a time kept to the plain; then the road became somewhat mountainous, but we soon emerged upon another fine wide stretch of level country. All about the corn-fields are rows of trees, each tree being attached to its neighbour by vines, wherefore these fields have all the appearance of gardens. The mountains on each side of this road are thickly wooded, chiefly with olives, chestnuts, and mulberries for silkworms. At the end of twenty miles we came upon Lucca, situated in the plain aforesaid, a town about one-third smaller than Bordeaux, and free, except that by reason of its weakness it has put itself under the protection of the Emperor and the house of Austria.¹ It is

¹ Lucca was at this time in the Spanish interest. It remained an independent city until the French occupation in 1799. Fynes Moryson, writing about twelve years after Montaigne, says: "The citizens of Lucca are as afraid of this great Duke [of Florence] as Partridges of a

well walled and strengthened with bastions, but the ditches are shallow, and only a scant stream of water flows through the same. Moreover, at the bottom they are full of green plants with wide flat leaves. All round the walls, on the level ground within, are planted two or three rows of trees which afford shade, and would serve, according to what I heard, for fascines in case of need. Viewed from without the place looks like a wood, for the houses are concealed by the trees aforesaid. A guard of three hundred foreign¹ soldiers is always kept.

The town is well peopled, principally by silk workers;² the streets are narrow but handsome, with fine lofty mansions on all sides. They were then constructing a small canal whereby to bring into the city the hawk, being compassed with his territories on all sides." *Itinerary* (Lond. 1903).

¹ That is, soldiers from other parts of Italy.

² The silk manufacture of Lucca goes back beyond all record. In the time of Castruccio Castracane a large number of citizens, offended at his usurpation, emigrated to other Italian cities and took their art with them. It was thus that the art of brocade-making was introduced into Florence.

water of the Serchio, and building a public palace, at a cost of a hundred and thirty thousand crowns, which is almost completed. Besides the townsfolk they claim a population of a hundred and twenty thousand subjects, several small villages, but no other town lying within their jurisdiction. The gentlefolk and warriors of the place are all of the merchant class, the Buonvisi being the most wealthy, and strangers are allowed to enter only by one gate, where there is always a strong guard. I never saw a town in a more pleasant site, surrounded as it is by a most beautiful plain two leagues in extent, and beyond this the lovely mountains and hills, which for the most part are cultivated to the tops. The wines are only passable, and living costs about twenty soldi per diem, the inns being, after the manner of the country, indifferent. Many gentlemen of the city paid me courteous attentions, sending me wine and fruit, and even offering to accommodate me with money.

I tarried in Lucca the Friday and Saturday

and left it on Sunday after dinner, of which I did not partake, as I was fasting. The hills nearest to the town are thickly set with pleasant houses. Our way for the most part lay along a low-lying road, fairly level, and running between the mountains, which are well wooded and peopled throughout, the river Serchio flowing beside us. We passed several villages and two strong towns, Reci and Borgo, and we crossed likewise the river aforesaid, which was on our right hand, by a bridge of unwonted height, which spans almost the entire width of the stream with a single arch. We saw several other bridges of this kind on our way, and arrived at Bagni della Villa,¹ sixteen miles distant, two hours after noon.

¹ *Essais*, ii. 37 : "À cette cause j'ay choisi jusques à cette heure, à m'arrester et à me servir de celles où il y avoit plus d'amœnité de lieu, commodité de logis, de vivres et de compagnies, comme sont en France, les bains de Banieres : en la frontiere d'Allemaigne et de Loraine, ceux de Plombieres : en Souysse, ceux de Bade : en la Toscane, ceux de Lucques : et specialement ceux *Della Villa*, desquels j'ay usé plus souvent, et à diverses saisons."

X

THE BATHS OF LUCCA

ALL the country round this place is hilly. In front of the bath and along the river the ground is level for some three or four hundred feet, and above this the bath-house is built upon the side of a hill of moderate height, at somewhat the same elevation as the spring at Banieres, where the patients drink the water close to the town. The bath itself stands on a level site and includes thirty or forty houses, excellently appointed for the purpose, with beautiful rooms, which are all private and entirely at the disposition of the hirer, and with an inner cabinet. Each apartment has two doors, one for communication with other chambers, and the other for separate use. I inspected almost every house before I made my bar-

gain, and fixed ultimately on the one which commanded the fairest view, that is, with regard to the chamber I selected. From this I could look over the whole of the little valley, the course of the Lima,¹ and the mountains, which enclose the valley aforesaid, all beautifully cultivated and green to the summit, thick set with chestnuts and olives, and in some places with vines, which they plant all round the mountains, letting the circles rise one above the other in terraces. The outside edge of each terrace is varied somewhat and is planted with vines, while the lower portion of the same is under corn. In my chamber I could hear all night long the soft ripple of the river below.

Near to the houses a space is set apart for promenade, open on one side, and built terrace fashion, with a trellis constructed at the public cost. From here may be discerned, lying two hundred feet below on the bank

¹ A tributary of the Serchio, which rises near Pistoia.

of the stream, a pretty little village, where also baths may be had when the crowd of visitors is great. Most of the houses therein are new, a fine road leads to it, and it possesses a handsome public place. Nearly all the inhabitants congregate in this village during the winter, and keep shop there, notably the apothecaries, to which calling they almost all belong. My host was a Captain Paulini, who was also an apothecary, and he agreed to let me have a sitting-room, three bed-chambers, a kitchen, and a penthouse for the servants; and in addition to provide eight beds, two of them with hangings, salt, clean napkins every day, and a clean tablecloth every third day, all cooking utensils and candlesticks, for eleven crowns—which sum is a few soldi more than ten demi-pistoles—for fifteen days. All earthen pots, dishes, and plates, as well as glasses and knives, we had to buy. We were able to get as much meat as we wanted, but were usually obliged to content ourselves with veal or goat's flesh. At all the lodging-

houses they offer to provide you with what you may require; and I imagine that by this method it would cost about twenty soldi a head per diem. Any one wishing to adopt this system would find in every house some man or woman capable of acting as cook. The wine is mostly bad, but visitors who may be so minded may get other wine brought from Pescia or Lucca.

I was the first to arrive at the baths except two gentlemen of Bologna, who came with no large following; so I had free choice of quarters; and, from what these gentlemen said, I judged I made a much better bargain than would have been possible in the full season when the crowd was wont to be great. Here the season does not begin till June and ends in September.¹ In October every one goes away. People often meet for conversation as the sole amusement. This

¹ In earlier times the season used to begin on the first Friday in March, when, according to tradition, an angel descended and blessed the springs.

indeed was the case in the early part of the season, according to our experience. It is a most unusual thing for visitors who have already passed a month at the baths to return thereto, or to visit them at all in October. One of the lodging-houses, called the "Palace," is vastly more luxurious than the others; it is certainly very fine, and belongs to the Signori Buonvisi. There is a beautiful fountain playing in the hall and divers other conveniences. They offered to give me in it an apartment of four rooms or the whole house if I wanted it. The price for the four furnished rooms for fifteen days was twenty crowns of the country, but I was not inclined to give more than a crown per diem considering the season of the year. My landlord is not bound by his bargain beyond the month of May, and if I stay longer I must make a fresh one.

The water here is used for drinking and for bathing also. There is a covered bath, which is vaulted, somewhat dark, and half the width of my hall at Montaigne. They

use a certain appliance called a *Doccia*,¹ which is composed of a number of tubes, through which hot water is turned on to various parts of the body and notably the head. These streams, by striking continually on one particular part, stimulate warmth in it, and then the water runs away by a wooden trough like that used by washerwomen. There is another bath, vaulted and just as dark, used by women, all the water being brought from the fountain where the patients drink, which is somewhat awkwardly situated in a corner, as to reach it, it is necessary to descend several steps.

On Monday, May the 8th, in the morning, I took with great reluctance some cassia which my host gave me. He was assuredly

¹ Montaigne speaks of the *douche* as an Italian speciality. "Comme les Allemans ont de particulier, de se faire generalement tous corneter et vantouser, avec scarification dans le bain : ainsi ont les Italiens leur *doccie*, qui sont certaines gouttieres de cette eau chaude, qu'ils conduisent par des cannes, et vont baignant une heur le matin, et autant l'après disnée, par l'espace d'un mois, ou la teste, ou l'estomach, ou autre partie du corps, à laquelle ils ont affaire" (*Essais*, ii. 37).

lacking in intelligence, compared with my apothecary at Rome, for I could not finish my dinner three hours later, and the drug brought on a fit of vomiting. I suffered also from great pain in the stomach and from flatulence for well-nigh four-and-twenty hours, and made a vow to take no more of this stuff. I would rather suffer from colic than have my stomach thus upset, my taste ruined, and my general health deranged by cassia. When I arrived here I was in excellent condition; so much so that on the Sunday after supper (the only meal I took) I set out with light heart to visit the bath of Corsena, a good half mile distant, and situated on the other side of this same mountain, wherefore I was forced first to go uphill and then to descend to the level of these baths, or thereabout. This place is famed for the use of the bath and of the *doccia*. At our bath the only course of treatment which has received the approbation of the faculty or of custom is that of drinking the water; they say, moreover, that the fame

of Corsena goes back to a much earlier date. However, no trace of this antiquity, which we may suppose goes back to the times of the Romans, is visible at either bath. At Corsena there are three or four large baths, with arched roofs, unseemly and dark, save for one aperture in the middle of the vaulting, which serves as a ventilator. Two or three hundred paces away, and on somewhat higher ground, is another hot spring called after Saint John, where they have built a house with three covered baths. There is no lodging to be had near, but you may contrive to spread a mattress whereon to rest awhile. At Corsena the waters are not drunk at all, but in other respects there is considerable variety in the treatment. Some take the cold baths, others the hot; some undergo the cure for this malady, others for that; and a thousand wonderful stories are told; in short, the legend is that at Corsena relief may be found for every illness under the sun. There is one fine establishment with many chambers, and a score of others

with little to recommend them. The advantages of this bath cannot be compared with those of the other, nor is the prospect so fine though the same river flows close by, and the view down the valley is more extensive. The charges are vastly higher, and many of the patients who drink at Bagno della Villa go there for the bathing. For the moment Corsena is all the fashion.

On Tuesday, May 9, 1581, I went early in the morning before sunrise to drink at the hot spring itself, and took seven glasses one after the other, the water weighing about three pounds and a half, as they reckon it here. The water is lukewarm, like that at Aigues Caudes or Barbotan, with less taste than any water I have ever drunk. All I could remark was its warmth and a slight sweetness, and I found it very tardy in taking effect; but some of the visitors told me I had taken too little, seeing that the physicians often prescribe a whole *fiasco*, sixteen or seventeen of our glasses or eight pounds' weight. My opinion is that the

water, finding my stomach empty on account of my recent purge, assimilated itself to nutriment. The same day I received a visit from a Bolognese gentleman, a colonel commanding two hundred foot in the pay of the State, stationed four miles distant. He made divers offers to serve me, and stayed with me about two hours, having directed my landlord and all others in the place to use all their efforts to make me comfortable. This government makes a practice of employing strangers as officers, and puts a colonel in command. One will have a larger, another a smaller troop under his charge. The colonels are paid, but the captains, who are people of the country, only get pay during war, when they take command of their own companies as occasion may demand. This colonel had for pay sixteen crowns a month, and had no other duty than to be always in readiness.

People live more by rule at these baths than at our own, and abstain rigorously, especially from drinks. At no other bath,

except at Banieres, have I ever been so well lodged, and Banieres equals it in beauty of situation, but is the only bathing-place that does.

I am of opinion that this water is very mild and has little strength, wherefore it is safe and free from danger for those unaccustomed to such treatment, or for the delicate. It is taken for the strengthening of the liver and for the removal of eruptions on the face; a fact of which I made careful note as a service I would fain render to a most estimable French lady. The water of Saint John's spring is largely used in making cosmetics, as it is impregnated with oil. I remarked that much of it was sent away in casks, and still more of the water which I was drinking. It is carried on mules' and asses' backs to be drunk in Reggio, Modena, and Lombardy. Some take it in bed, the physicians giving special directions to keep the stomach and the feet warm, and to avoid all fatigue. People of the neighbourhood have it conveyed to their houses three or

four miles distant. As a proof that this water is not strongly aperient it may be noted that the apothecaries here keep a certain water brought from a spring near Pistoia, sharp on the palate and very hot when drawn from the well, which they give to patients before taking the native water, alleging that quicker and more efficient result is thereby induced.

I heard the following remarkable story when I was at these baths. A man of the place, a soldier named Giuseppe, who is still alive and engaged on one of the penal galleys of Genoa, was captured by the Turks in a sea-fight. To gain his liberty he became a Turk himself, a step which has been taken by divers of the people of these mountains who are still living, was circumcised, and married a wife. Being engaged in a predatory raid on this coast he advanced so far one day that his retreat was cut off, and, together with several other Turks, was captured by the people, who had risen in defence. He at once determined to declare that he had

come there in good faith, and that he was a Christian, wherefore a few days later he was set at liberty, and he came to this place to the house in front of my lodgings, where he met his mother. She asked him roughly who he was, and what he wanted, for he was still wearing his sailor's garb and was a strange object in such a place. Then he made himself known to her, and, after having been as it were lost ten or twelve years, kissed his mother, who shrieked aloud and fell senseless and showed no sign of life until the next day, the physicians being in despair of her. She came round at last, but she died soon afterwards, every one being of the opinion that this shock shortened her life. Giuseppe was made much of by the neighbours, went to church to abjure his errors, received the sacrament from the bishop of Lucca, and took part in divers other ceremonies, but all this was hypocrisy. His heart was still with the Turks, and, in order to rejoin them, he left this place for Venice, whence he gained some Turkish

port and once more took to the seas. He was again captured by the Genoese, and, because he was a man of unusual strength and well versed in seafaring, they have kept him ever since in their service, securely fettered on one of their galleys.

In this country they keep registered a large number of soldiers taken from the inhabitants for the service of the State. The colonels of this force have no other duties than to drill the men under them frequently, to teach them the use of fire-arms, and how to skirmish, and other similar exercises. The rank and file are all of this country and receive no pay, but they are allowed to wear armour and to carry arquebuses and whatsoever arms they like: moreover, they are exempt from arrest for debt, and in the time of war are paid. For other duties there are captains, ensigns, and sergeants: only the colonels are paid permanently, and these must needs be men of some other State. Colonel del Borgo, who had visited me the day before, sent to

me from his station some four miles distant sixteen lemons and sixteen artichokes.

Again I will remark that I found here very pleasant and convenient lodging, and was fully as comfortable as in Rome, what though my chamber had neither chimney nor glass windows nor even linen shutters, a fact which shows how much less stormy this climate must be than our own. In France, indeed, it would be deemed an intolerable nuisance to find nothing wherewith to close the window openings but wooden shutters. With this one exception my bedchamber was well found, though their beds are wretched little trestles, upon which they place pieces of wood, fashioned according to the length and breadth of the bed, a palliase being laid on these, and a mattress over all. Then you may sleep well enough if only you have hangings. To keep the trestles and woodwork out of sight you may adopt three courses: you may use narrow pieces of stuff, the same fabric as the hangings—this I did in Rome; you may

have your hangings made long enough to cover the whole, and this is the best plan; or you may have a coverlet of light stuff, such as white fustian, fastened at the corners with buttons, and made long enough to reach the floor, the bed being furnished with another coverlet underneath for warmth. At least I learnt to adopt this fashion in a general way for the people in my service, having nought to provide but the truckle-beds. They are comfortable to lie in, and you are safe from bugs.

On this same day I dined and then took a bath, thus running contrary to all the rules of the place, which maintain that the one function stands in the way of the other, and that they should never happen close together, a course of drinking and a course of bathing being the usual practice. For eight days patients drink the water, then take thirty baths, drinking at one bath and bathing in the other. To-day I found the bath very soothing and pleasant. I remained in it half-an-hour, and felt no effect save a

slight perspiration about supper time. I went to bed after my bath, and afterwards supped off a sweetened lemon salad without drink of any kind. If I may give an opinion concerning these waters I would say they can do little harm or good; that they are ineffectual and feeble, and the fear is that they may inflame the kidneys rather than purge them. On the Thursday morning I took five pounds' weight, being somewhat apprehensive that the effect might not be favourable, and indeed so it turned out. While I was writing that same morning to M. Ossat, I fell thinking of M. de la Boetie,¹ and I remained in this mood so long that I sank into the saddest humour. The bed of the stream from which the drinking water comes is red and coated with rust, wherefore, seeing that it was likewise very insipid, I concluded that it contained much iron and would be

¹ Montaigne held La Boetie in the highest esteem. "Et le plus grand que j'aye cogneu au vif, je dis des parties naturelles de l'ame, et le mieux né, c'estoit Estienne de la Boetie."—*Essais*, ii. 17, and in ii. 27 he again writes at length in praise of his lost friend.

binding in its effect; indeed little came of what I took on this Thursday. Medicine, after all, is a poor affair. I said casually a little time ago that I repented having taken so strong a purge inasmuch as this water, finding vacancy within, acted as nutriment.

I have just read concerning these waters, in a book written by one Donati,¹ a physician, his advice being to take a light dinner and a good supper; and, from my experience after drinking the water for another day, I decided that his view was the correct one. Franciotti, another doctor, controverts him in this and in divers other particulars. That same day I had a feeling of heaviness about the back, which I feared might be caused by the stagnation in that region of the water I had drunk, but the outcome of the day's treatment did not justify this suspicion. On the

¹ "De aquis lucensibus, quæ vulgo Villenses appellantur," by G. B. Donati. The author was a physician of Lucca, who studied at Pisa and Padua. Franciotti, also a Lucchese doctor, wrote a treatise, "Tractatus de Balneo Villensi in Agro Lucensi posito."

Friday I took no water at all, but bathed in the morning and washed my head, acting thus counter to the approved usage of the place. Another local custom is to aid the action of the water by mixing therewith some such drug as sugar candy or manna, or some medicine still stronger; others mix with the first glass they drink a certain quantity of the water of Tettucio, which I tasted and found it salt. I suspect that the apothecaries here, instead of fetching this water from Pistoia, where it is said to rise, make an imitation thereof out of ordinary water, for I found it had, in addition to its saltness, a very strange flavour. It is warmed and one, two, or three glasses of it taken to begin with, but I never knew that it had any effect. There are those who put salt in the first, or the second, or even the third glass of water they take; moreover, they hold that to sweat or to go to sleep after drinking, points almost surely to a fatal crisis. In my case I found the water strongly sudorific.

¹ Let me now try to discourse a little in another language, especially as I am now in that district where meseems I may listen to the most refined Tuscan accent, particularly amongst the country-folk, who have not corrupted or changed their idiom through intercourse with neighbouring peoples. Early on Saturday morning I went to take some of the spring of Bernabo² which lies on the other side of these mountains and gives a marvellous abundance of water, both hot and cold. The hill is of no great height, and may be about three miles in circumference. The only water that is drunk is that of the principal spring and of this one, which came into use a few years ago.

¹ From this point the Journal is written in Italian.

² This spring had only recently come into fashion. It had always been used by the country people for skin diseases, and about the middle of the sixteenth century it acquired great fame through the cure of a certain Pistoian of a loathsome skin disease which had been treated ineffectually at every other spring. There are many springs on this range of hills: Corsena, Bagno Rosso, Bagno di S. Giovanni, Bagno della Villa, Bagno di Bernabo, and Bagno Cardinali.

A certain leper named Bernabo, after having drunk and bathed at all the other springs, betook himself to this abandoned bath and was straightway cured, whereupon it came into vogue. There are no houses, only one little shed and stone benches around the spout of the spring, which is made of iron. This spout, though it was fixed not long ago, is almost entirely eaten away from below, its destruction being caused, as the people there declare, by the action of some property of the water, which I can easily believe. These springs are somewhat hotter than the others and are commonly supposed to be at the same time less digestible and more violent in action, the water being slightly more sulphurous; where it drips, the ground is whitened as if ashes had been strewn there. The water of our own springs has this same property, but only slightly. This spring is a little less than a mile from my lodgings by going round the foot of the hill, its site being much lower than that of any other hot spring, and

distant one or two pikes' length from the river.

The day previous I had taken a long walk of three miles or so after dinner in the hot sun, and again after supper. The effect of this water upon me was an increase of strength, and I began to digest it half-an-hour after taking it; moreover, I made a good round of two miles on the way back to my lodgings. Perhaps this abnormal exercise may have made me feel young again. Every other morning I had gone straight back to my room to avoid the chill of the morning air, my house not being more than thirty paces from the spring. In my walks over the slopes of these hills, I came upon many sources of hot water, and the country-folk declare furthermore that in the winter certain places give out steam, a proof of the existence of still more hot springs. The samples of these which I tasted seemed, in comparison with my particular spring, about equally hot and without either smell or taste or vapour. I observed at another

place in Corsena, some way below the baths, a great number of douches much better arranged than the others I have named, the pipes thereof being supplied by a number of springs, eight or ten, so the people say. Over each pipe is written the name of its peculiar spring: La Saporita, La Dolce, La Innamorata, La Coronale, La Disperata, &c., and a description of the effects thereof. I can say for certain that some pipes give out hotter water than others.

The surrounding hills are almost all productive of corn and grapes, whereas fifty years ago they were covered with thicket and chestnut woods. A few bare mountains with snow on the summits may be seen, but they are a long way off. The common people eat what they call *pane di legna*, which is the expression they use in speaking of chestnut-bread, this fruit being the great crop of the country, and the cake they make therewith is something like French gingerbread. I never saw elsewhere so many snakes and toads; indeed, through fear of the snakes,

the children do not dare to gather the strawberries, which grow most abundantly on the hills and amongst the hedges.

Some of the people here take three or four grains of coriander in every glass of water they drink, as a remedy for wind. On the Easter¹ of May 14th I took more than five pounds' weight of the water of Bernabo, my glass holding somewhat more than a pound. Here the four chief feasts of the year are all called Easter. The Italian pound contains only twelve ounces. Living is very cheap in this place. The best and most delicate veal can be bought for three French sous a pound, and the trout are abundant, though small. Here are made excellent sunshades, which everybody uses. The country round is hilly, and level roads are scarce; nevertheless, many of them are very pleasant, and they are for the most part paved until they become mountain paths. After dinner the country people danced together, and I joined in the sport so as not to seem over ceremonious. In certain

¹ Ascension Day.

parts of Italy, and everywhere in Tuscany and Urbino, the women make salutation in French fashion by bending the knees.

Close to the outflow of the Della Villa spring is a marble tablet, which was put up a hundred and ten years ago, dating from the first day of May last, inscribed with an account of the healing powers of the water. I omit this, as it may be found in divers printed books dealing with the baths of Lucca.¹ At all the baths they provide plenty of hour-glasses for public use. I had always on my table two, which were lent to me. This evening I ate nothing but three slices of toasted bread with

¹ The inscription at the Bagno alla Villa runs as follows: "Sacri de villa balnei hec precipue sunt virtutes. Confert cunctis capitis membris. Curat omnes stomachi morbos. Appetitum excitat. Digestionem procurat. Vomitus restringit. Sanat cuncta epatis vitia. Epatis et venarum opilationem aperit. Colorem optimum facit. Confert passionibus splenis. Sanat ulcera pulmonis. Mundat renes. Lapidem minuit. Arenulas prohibet. Macros impinguat. Leporam curat non confirmatam. Bibita antiquas febres expellit. Et matricis etiam antieris cristerizata. Triginta balneantur diebus. Octo vel decem bibitur purgatione premissa. A contrariis caveatur. Toto corpore ulcera sanat."

a little butter and sugar, and did not drink at all.

On the Monday, deeming that I had been enough purged by the water from the Bernabo spring, I returned to the Della Villa and took five pounds thereof. This spring seemed to me cold in comparison with that of Bernabo, which indeed is only moderately hot, and much cooler than the water at Plombieres or the average of the springs at the Bagneres de Bigorre. Both of the springs did me much good, wherefore I feel that I have been a gainer in refusing credence to those physicians who recommend their patients to give up drinking at once, supposing that a cure be not effected the first day. On Tuesday, May 16th, according to the local custom, which seems to me an excellent one, I gave over drinking the water and remained in the bath an hour or more, having settled myself right under the conduit-pipe, because in the other parts of the bath the water seemed somewhat chilly. Being troubled continually with wind in the *epigastrium* and the

intestines, and in less degree in the stomach —albeit without pain—I suspected that this discomfort was caused by the water, wherefore I gave up drinking it. This morning I found the bath particularly agreeable, and could easily have taken a nap there. It did not produce perspiration, but I had myself well rubbed, and then went to bed for a while.

In each district it is the custom to hold a military assembly every month. The colonel commanding this district, from whom I have received a world of courtesy, held his assembly here, having a gathering of some two hundred pikemen and arquebusiers. He let them engage in a sham fight, and it seemed to me they were, for peasants, very expert; but his principal duty is to instruct them in military formation and discipline. The people here are divided into the French and Spanish factions, and weighty questions with regard to this matter were constantly arising; moreover they make public profession of their party. In these parts the men and women

of our party wear bunches of flowers, and their caps and their locks of hair down over the right ear, while those who favour the Spaniards wear them on the left. The peasants and their wives all go clad like gentlefolk. You never see a woman who does not wear white shoes, fine-thread stockings, and a coloured sarcenet apron. They dance and cut capers and twirl about marvellously well.

In this country when they talk of the prince they mean the Council of one hundred and twenty.¹ The colonel aforesaid could

¹ In 1160 Guelf VI. of Este, the uncle of Barbarossa, sold his rights over Lucca to the citizens, who agreed to pay by their consuls 1000 soldi yearly for ninety years, and this compact was confirmed by Barbarossa. In 1197 Lucca joined Florence against the Empire, and in the tumult which followed Lucca was subject to various tyrants, Castruccio Castracane, Visconti, and Spinola. Its liberties were restored by Charles IV. in 1369. In 1392 the Giunigi family, under the patronage of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, became despots, but after Gian Galeazzo's death the republican form was restored, which lasted till 1795. The Council consisted of 120 councillors and 40 surrogates. The democracy seems always to have been a limited one, and the institution of a Golden Book gradually reduced the number of citizens eligible as councillors.

not get married without leave of this "prince," and he only gained permission with great difficulty, because the authorities were loth that he should make friends or connections in the country; moreover, he cannot buy any property. No soldier can leave the country without leave. In the mountainous parts are many people who beg for money, and out of what they gather thus they buy their arms.

On the Wednesday I went to the bath and remained there more than an hour. I sweated a little, bathing my head at the same time, and I saw how handy the German fashion was in winter time for warming clothes and other things at the stoves they use, for there the bathman, having put a little coal into a chafing-dish, the lid of which was raised by a brick inserted so as to admit air to ventilate the fire, managed to dry the bath clothes expeditiously and well, much more conveniently than at a fire like ours here, which is made in one of our basins. Here

they call the girls and boys children till they are ripe for marriage. The boys are always lads till their beards are grown.

On Thursday I was a little more on the alert and bathed somewhat earlier. In the bath I sweated fairly well and gave my head a douche under the spout. The bath left me rather weak, with a feeling of heaviness about the reins, and I voided gravel continually and some phlegm likewise as if I had drunk of the spring, indeed it struck me that this water used in the bath produced the same effect as when drunk. I bathed again on the Friday. Vast quantities of the water of this spring and of the other one, the Corsena, are despatched every day for sale in various regions of Italy. These people are not the great meat-eaters that we are, and they use nothing but the common sorts of flesh, upon which they set but little store, that is to say, while I was there I bought a choice leveret for six of our sous without any bargaining. They do not hunt or bring game hither, because no one would

buy it. On the Saturday, because the weather was bad, and the wind so high that I felt the want of casements, either of linen or glass, I neither bathed nor took the waters. Here I observed a marked result of the use of this bath, forasmuch as my brother,¹ who had never passed any gravel either in common way or while drinking the water at any other bath in my company, now passed a large quantity.

On the Sunday morning I took another bath, without bathing my head, and after dinner I gave a ball, with presents for the guests, according to the custom of these baths. I was anxious to give the first ball of the season. Five or six days before this date I had caused notice of my entertainment to be given in all the neighbouring villages, and on the day previous I sent special invitations to all the gentle-folk then sojourning at either of the baths. I bade them come to the ball, and to the supper afterwards, and sent to Lucca for the presents,

¹ M. de Mattecoulon.

which are usually pretty numerous, so as to avoid the appearance of favouring one lady above all the rest, and to steer clear of jealousy and suspicion. They always give eight or ten to the ladies, and two or three to the gentlemen. Many ventured to jog my memory, one begging me not to forget herself, another her niece, another her daughter.

On the day previous Messer Giovanni da Vincenzo Saminati, a good friend of mine, brought me from Lucca, according to my written instructions, a leathern belt and a black cloth cap as presents for the men. For the ladies I provided two aprons of taffetas, one green and the other purple (for it must be known that it is always meet to have certain presents better than the bulk, so as to show special favour where favour seems to be due), two aprons of bombazine, four papers of pins, four pairs of shoes—one pair of which I gave to a pretty girl who did not come to the ball, a pair of slippers, which I put with one of the pairs of shoes to form one prize, three head-dresses

clear woven, and three netted, which together stood for three prizes, and four small pearl necklaces. Thus I had altogether nineteen gifts for the ladies, the cost of which was six crowns; little enough. I engaged five pipers, giving them their food for the day, and a crown amongst the lot, a good bargain for me, seeing that they will rarely play here at such a rate. The prizes aforesaid were hung up on a hoop, richly ornamented, and visible to all the company.

We began the dance on the piazza with the people of the place, and at first feared we should lack company, but after a little we were joined by a great number of people of all parties, and notably of the gentle-folk of the land, whom I received and entertained to the best of my powers; and I succeeded so far that they all seemed well content. As the day waxed somewhat warm we withdrew to the hall of the Palazzo Buonvisi, which was excellently suited for the purpose. At the decline of day, about the twenty-second hour, I addressed the ladies of the greatest

consequence who were present, and said that I had neither wit nor confidence enough to give judgment between these young ladies so richly endowed with beauty and grace and politeness, wherefore I begged them to undertake the duty of deciding, and to award the prizes according to the deserts of the company. We had long discussion over this formal matter, as at first the ladies refused to accept this office, deeming that I had offered it to them merely out of courtesy. At last we agreed to add this proviso, to wit, that they might, if they were so minded, call me into their council to give my opinion. The end was that I went about, glancing now at this damsel and now at that, never failing to allow due credit for beauty and charm, but at the same time determining that graceful dancing meant something else than the mere movement of the feet; that it necessitated also appropriate gestures, a fine carriage of the whole body, a pleasant expression, and a comely charm. The presents, great and small, were distributed on

this principle according to desert, one of the ladies aforementioned presenting them to the dancers on my behalf, while I disclaimed all merit thereanent, and referred them to her as the Lady Bountiful. My entertainment passed off in the usual fashion, except that one of the girls would not take her present, but sent to beg me that I would give it with her love to another girl; but this I would not permit to be done, as the damsel in question was not over well favoured. The girls were called one by one from their places to come before the lady and myself, sitting side by side, whereupon I gave to the signora the gift which seemed appropriate, having first kissed the same. Then the signora, taking it in her hand, gave it to the young girl, and said in friendly fashion, "This is the gentleman who is giving you this charming present, thank him for it." I added, "Nay, rather your thanks are due to the gracious signora who has designated you out of so many others as worthy of reward. I much regret that the

offering made to you is not more worthy of such merit as yours." I spoke somewhat in these terms to each according to her qualifications. The same order was followed in the case of the men.

The ladies and gentlemen had no part in this distribution though they all joined in the dance. In sooth it was a rare and charming sight to us Frenchmen to look upon these comely peasants dancing so well in the garb of gentle-folk. They did their best to rival the finest of our lady dancers, albeit in a different style. I invited all to supper, as the meals in Italy are like the lightest of our repasts in France, and on this occasion I only provided a few joints of veal and a pair or two of fowls. I had as guests also the colonel of the Lieutenancy, Signor Francesco Gambarini, a gentleman of Bologna, who had become to me as a brother. I also found a place at table for Divizia, a poor peasant woman who lives about two miles from the baths, unmarried, and with no other support than her handiwork. She

is ugly, about thirty-seven years of age, with a swollen throat, and unable either to read or write ; but it chanced that in her childhood there came to live in her father's house an uncle who was ever reading aloud in her hearing Ariosto and others of the poets, wherefore she seemed to find a natural delight in poetry, and was soon able, not only to make verses with marvellous readiness, but likewise to weave thereinto the ancient stories, the names of the gods of various countries, of sciences and of illustrious men, as if she had received a liberal education. She recited divers lines in my honour, which, to speak the truth, were little else than verses and rhymes, but the diction was elegant and spontaneous.

I entertained at my ball more than a hundred strangers, albeit the time was inconvenient for them, seeing that they were then in the midst of the silk harvest, their principal crop of the year. At this season they labour, heedless of all feast days, at plucking, morning and evening, the leaves of the mulberry for

their silk-worms, and all my peasant guests were engaged in this work.

On Monday morning I went somewhat late to my bath, as I was shaved and had my hair cut, and I bathed my head for more than a quarter of an hour by holding it under the principal spout.

Amongst others at my ball was the deputy-judge, who holds legal office here. The work of the district is done by a judge appointed for six months—such as the government appoints in all other places—who adjudicates in the first instance in civil cases which involve small amounts only. Another official attends to criminal business. I made to the deputy-judge a suggestion, which I deemed only reasonable, that the government should make certain regulations—of which I gave him an example, easy to carry out, and admirably fitted for the end in view—to be enforced with regard to the vast crowd of traders who resort hither to carry away the water of these springs into all parts of Italy. These regulations would oblige them to show a voucher

for the genuine character of the water they retail, and thus put an end to knavery, an instance of which I gave him from my own experience. One of these hawkers came to my landlord, a private citizen, and begged him to write a certificate to the effect that he (the hawker) was taking away twenty-four mule loads of this water, the fact being that he had only four. At first my landlord refused to do anything of the kind, on account of this discrepancy, but the fellow went on to declare that in four or six days' time he would return to fetch the other twenty loads. I informed the judge that this muleteer had never come back. He took my suggestion, and he tried his best to learn from me what my authority was, who was the muleteer, and what he and his beasts were like, but I told him nothing. I also informed him that I was minded to begin here a custom prevalent in all the famous baths of Europe, to wit, that all persons of a certain position should leave behind a copy of their coat-of-arms as a testimony of the

efficacy of the waters. In the name of the government he thanked me for this suggestion.

In certain places they now began to cut the hay. On the Tuesday I remained two hours in the bath, and held my head under the douche for a good quarter of an hour.

At this time a Cremonese merchant living at Rome came to the bath. He was afflicted with divers strange infirmities, nevertheless he could talk and walk about and seemingly enjoyed his life. His chief infirmity lay in the head, his memory having perished, so he said, through some weakness thereof; for instance, after a meal he would not be able to say what dishes had been put before him. If he happened to leave the house on any business he must needs always come back ten times to inquire where was the place to which he was bound. He could hardly ever get through the paternoster. When he did get to the end of it he would begin it again a hundred times, never perceiving at the end thereof that he had begun, or at the begin-

ning that he had finished. He had suffered from blindness, deafness, and toothache, and had, moreover, such an access of heat in the reins that he always wore a piece of lead over that region. For many years he had observed most strictly the rules laid down by his physicians in his case.

It diverted me to consider the various prescriptions given by physicians in different parts of Italy, so great was their antagonism, and this was especially marked in the matter of these baths and douches; indeed, out of twenty opinions no two were found to agree,¹ but, on the other hand, the authors

¹ Montaigne had little belief in the medicine of his time. "De mesme, en la Medecine, j'honore bien ce glorieux nom, sa proposition, sa promesse, si utile au genre humain : mais ce qu'il designe entre nous, je ne l'honore, ny ne l'estime. En premier lieu l'experience me le fait craindre : car de ce que j'ay de cognoissance, je ne voy nulle race de gens si tost malade, et si tard guerie que celle qui est sous la jurisdiction de la Medecine. Leur santé mesme est alterée et corrompue, par la contrainte des régimes. Les Medecins ne se contentent point d'avoir la maladie en gouvernement, ils rendent la santé malade pour garder qu'on ne puisse en aucune saison eschaper leur autorité."—*Essais*, ii. 37.

accused each other of murders of all sorts. The aforesaid patient suffered great trouble through the strange action of wind, which was wont to issue from his ears with such force that he could not sleep, and when he yawned great volumes of wind would burst out from the same place. He declared that he could best ease his stomach by using as a clyster four large coriander comfits after moistening and softening them in his mouth, the relief being sure and speedy. He was the first person I ever saw wearing one of those big hats of peacock's feathers and covered with light taffetas; the crown, a good palm's height, was thick, and had within-side a coif of sarcenet made to fit the head so that the sun might not strike upon it. It was surrounded by a curtain a foot and a half wide, to serve the purpose of our parasols, which indeed are very inconvenient to use on horseback.

Seeing that I have often repented that I did not more particularly note down details of other baths I have used, I am now

mind to enlarge somewhat on this subject and to gather together certain rules for the benefit of my successors. On Wednesday, when I finished bathing, I was hot and sweated more than usual. I felt weak, with a dry, harsh sensation in my mouth and a certain giddiness akin to what befell me through the heat of the water at Plomieres, Banieres, and Preissac. I never felt it at Barbotan nor at these baths until this occasion, and it might have arisen because I went earlier than was my wont, or because the water was hotter than usual. I remained in the bath an hour and a half, and used the douche to my head for a quarter of an hour. I broke the rules by thus using the douche in the bath, for the prescription particularly declares that first one and then the other is to be used; and again by having a douche of this water at all, for almost all take the douche at the other bath. There they have it from this or that spout, some from the first, others from the second, and others from the third, according to the

physician's order. I used to drink and bathe on alternate days, while others would drink several days together and then take a spell of the bath. I paid no heed to periods of time, while others would drink for ten days at the most, and bathe twenty-five, though not perhaps in succession. I bathed but once a day, while all the rest bathed twice. I used the douche a very short time, while the others used it an hour at least in the morning and the same in the evening. And as to shaving the head, the custom here with all was to be shaven, and then put a piece of satin on the head, held only by a sort of net, but my smooth pate had no need of this.

This same morning I received a visit from the deputy-judge and the other chief personages of the State, an attention equivalent to that which had been paid to me in other baths where I had sojourned. Amongst other matters he told me a singular story about himself, how, through pricking the ball of the thumb with an artichoke some

years ago, he had like to have died from inanition, how on this account he fell into such a wretched state that he lay in bed five months without moving. As he lay all this time on the reins, they became so inordinately heated that a discharge of gravel was produced from which he had suffered for more than a year and from colic as well. At last his father, the governor of Velitri, sent him a certain green stone, which he had got from a friar who had been in India, and while he had this stone about him he suffered neither from gravel nor pain. He had been in this state for two years. As to the prick aforementioned the thumb and the greater part of the hand were useless, and besides this the arm was so much weakened that he came every year to the baths of Corsena to treat the arm and thumb with the douche, as he was now doing.

The common people here are very poor. At this season they eat green mulberries, which they collect while gathering the leaves for the silkworms. I had left in doubt

the hire of my lodging for the month of June, wherefore I now deemed it meet to come to an agreement with my landlord, who, when he perceived that I was sought after by all the neighbours and especially by the owner of the Palazzo Bonvisi, who had offered me lodging for a gold crown a day, decided to let me have my rooms as long as I liked for twenty-five gold crowns a month, the term to begin on the first of June, up to which day the old agreement was to be in force.

The people here are consumed with envy and secret deadly spite one against the other, though they are all akin. A lady repeated to me the following proverb:—

“Chi vuol, che la sua donna impregni
Mandila al bagno, e non ci vegni.”

One convenience of my lodging pleased me greatly, to wit, that I could pass from my bed to the bath by a short and level path of thirty paces. I resented the stripping of the leaves from the mulberry

trees, which looked as other trees look in winter.

Every day people from all parts may be seen bringing hither samples of wine in small bottles, so that any of the strangers here may send, if they will, for some in bulk, but of good wine there is very little. The white wines are thin, sour, and crude, or very heavy, harsh, and rough. By sending to Lucca or Pescia the white Trevisano may be procured, which is strong and well-matured, but none too delicate on the palate.

On Thursday—Corpus Domini—I remained an hour and a half in a lukewarm bath, sweating very little and not conscious of any effect therefrom. I held my head under the douche, for twelve minutes or so, and on going back to bed got a short sleep. I found this use of bath and douche more pleasant than anything else. I felt a certain itching in my hands and elsewhere, and I learned moreover that many of the peasants are given to the itch and the children to

scabby ailments. It is the case here as elsewhere that the peasants make light of that which we come to seek with such great trouble. I saw many who had never tasted these waters, of which indeed they had a very poor opinion. With this disposition they are short-lived.

On Saturday I remained two hours in the bath and took the douche for a good quarter. On Sunday I took a rest, and on this day a Bolognese gentleman gave another ball. The scarcity of clocks here¹ and in most places in Italy is most inconvenient. At the bath-house there is a statue of the Madonna with the following verses:—

“Auspicio fac, Diva tuo, quicumque lavacrum
Ingreditur, sospes ac bonus hinc abeat.”

Both on the score of beauty and usefulness it is impossible to overpraise the practice here used of cultivating the mountains from base to summit, fashioning them into stairs

¹ This is in direct contradiction to the statement on p. 61.

of one level circle above the other, and strengthening the top of each platform with stone or some other material if it be not solid enough in itself. They sow corn on the level portion of each degree, be it wide or narrow, and on the edges of each, nearest the low ground, they train vines. Towards the summit, where there is no level space, they plant it all with vines.

At the ball lately referred to a lady danced with a vessel of water on her head. She kept it steady all through her dancing, though she skipped about in lively fashion. The physicians are wonderstruck to see how the majority of French guests here take the waters in the morning and bathe the same day.

I may say with confidence that up to this time, in the scanty intercourse I have had with the people of this place, I have failed to notice any of those wonders of talent and eloquence which report ascribes to them. I see no evidences of uncommon capacity in them; on the other hand, they are too prone

to overrate my own slender faculties. Thus to-day it chanced that certain physicians had to hold an important consultation in the case of Signor Paulo de Cesis (nephew of Cardinal de Cesis¹), who was visiting these baths. They waited on me on his behalf to beg me to listen to their opinions and arguments, adding that he had determined to be guided entirely by my decision, whereupon I could not help laughing in my sleeve. The same request was made to me with regard to other matters both here and at Rome.

At times I felt my eyes dazzled when I exerted them in reading or in gazing on any glittering object. I was greatly troubled thereanent, remembering that I had suffered from this weakness ever since I was seized with headache at Florence, that is to say, heaviness about the forehead without any pain; a haziness before the eyes which,

¹ This cardinal had been sent into France during the religious wars. Pius V. made him a cardinal in 1570, and the reigning Pope had sent him as legate to Bologna, where he executed many public works. He died in 1586.

though it did not limit my vision, disturbed it in a way I cannot describe. Since this time this headache had recurred twice or thrice, and now became more persistent, but left me free otherwise. But after I used the douche to my head it came back every day, and my eyes watered freely, but without pain or inflammation. Moreover, until I had this attack I had not suffered from headache for more than ten years; and, fearing lest the douche may have induced this weakness of the head, I did not use it to-day—Thursday—and remained only an hour in the bath.

The cost of living here in a private room comes to a little more than seventy-two gold crowns a month, to call for what you will; and as much again for a servant. Any one without a servant will find ready and convenient service done by the landlord in the way of catering.

If Calvin had known that the preaching friars in these parts call themselves “ministers” he would doubtless have found

some other style for those of his own sect.¹

At this season many people come to the bath, and from the cases I have seen, and from the opinions of the physicians—especially of Donato, who has written concerning these waters—I am sure I have not made any great mistake in using the douche for my head, seeing that patients still use it when in the bath for soothing the stomach. This Donato permitted bathing and drinking at the same time, wherefore I regret I did not venture always to take a draught during my morning bath as I wished to do. He was loud in praise of the water of Bernabo; but, for all this professional argument, this water seemed to have no effect upon certain others untroubled with gravel, which infirmity never left me. I cannot persuade myself that the water produced the gravel in my case.

¹ A few sentences further on Montaigne seems to imply that the title of minister was only given to the Provincials of the Franciscan order.

On Friday I took a rest. The Minister Franciscan brother (for so they call the Provincials here), a worthy man of great learning and courtesy, who chanced to be at the baths with divers other friars, sent me a fine present of excellent wine and marchpanes and other eatables. On Saturday also I did no cure, but went to dine at Menalsio,¹ a fine large village on the top of one of these mountains. I took some fish with me, and found accommodation at the house of a well-to-do soldier, who had travelled much in France and in other countries and had made money and married a wife in Flanders. His name was Santo. In these parts are fine churches, and great numbers of the peasants have been soldiers and have travelled abroad, the division between the partisans of France and Spain being very sharply marked. Without thinking what I did, I set a flower over my left ear, and thereby offended greatly the French faction. After dinner I went up to the fort, which is built with high walls

¹ Menabbio.

right up to the top of the hill. The place is very steep, but highly cultivated throughout. Indeed, all through this region, amongst yawning chasms and precipitous ridges and cliffs and splintered crags, there are vines and grain planted, and even patches of pasture, which is not to be seen on the level plain below. I descended by a direct path on the other side of the mountain.

On the Sunday I bathed in company with certain other gentlemen, and remained in the bath half-an-hour. I received from Signor Ludovico Pinitesi a fine present of a horse laden with the finest fruit, amongst which were some early figs, the first which had been seen this season at the bath, and twelve flasks of the most mellow wine. Just at the same time the friar aforementioned sent me a great quantity of other sorts of fruit, wherefore I was able to make presents of the same to the villagers. After dinner there was a ball where I saw several ladies finely dressed, but not over comely, though

they were some of the handsomest Lucca could show.

In the evening Signor Ludovico di Ferrari of Cremona, a gentleman well known to me, sent me a box of quince marmalade, musk flavoured, and some lemons, besides some oranges of extraordinary size. A little before daybreak I was seized with cramp in the calf of the right leg. The pain was sharp, intermittent and not continuous, and lasted about half-an-hour. I had a similar attack not long ago, but then it passed in a twinkling. Just at this season we began to be conscious of the heat and of the noise of the grasshoppers, but neither trouble was worse than in France. The air up to the present has seemed fresher than in Gascony.

In free nations you do not find, as elsewhere, the sharp division of classes, and here even the lowest bear themselves with a certain dignity. Even in asking alms they will always ask as if they had a right. "Give me something, will you?" "Give me something, do you understand?" Whereas in

Rome they cry, "Do me a kindness for your own sake."¹

On Wednesday, June 21, I left Della Villa early in the morning, having received from the ladies and gentlemen there sojourning every mark of friendship that I could desire as I said good-bye. I travelled through a hilly country, fair and well wooded, for twelve miles as far as Pescia, a small town under Florence on the river Pescia, with fine houses and wide streets. Here the famous wine of Trebbiano is grown in a vineyard surrounded by thick olive woods. The people show great friendship to France, which accounts for their adoption of a dolphin as a crest.² After dinner we traversed a fair

¹ *Essais*, iii. 5 : "Si elles ne nous peuvent faire du bien que par pitié : j'ayme bien mieus ne vivre point, que de vivre d'aumosne. Je voudrois avoir droit de le leur demander, au stile auquel j'ay veu questu en Italie : *Fate ben per voi.*"

² It is possible that Montaigne is here mistaken as to the significance of this heraldic device. The fish probably has reference to the name of the town. His frequent recognition of the lilies as the ensign of France instead of Florence has already been noticed.

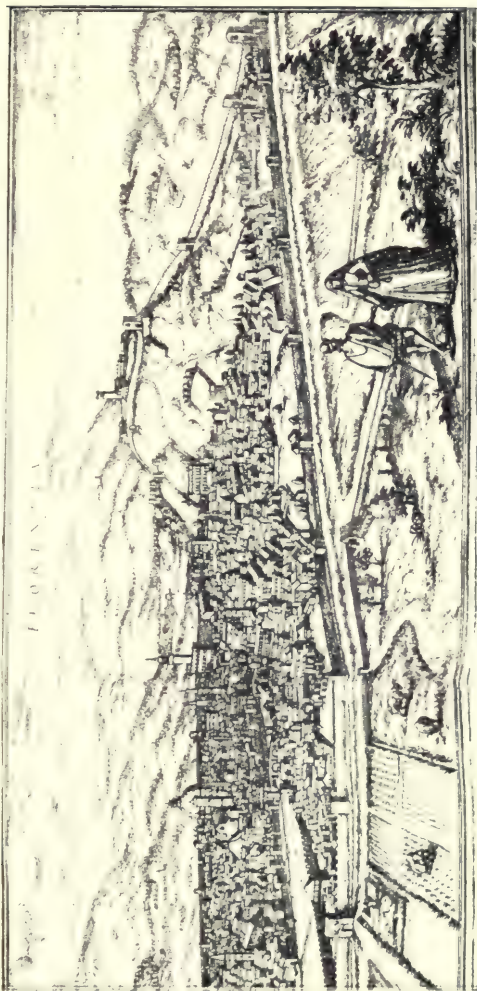
plain, thickly set with villages and houses. I had resolved to visit Monte Catino, where is the hot salt spring of Tettuccio,¹ a place a mile to the right of the direct road, about seven miles from Pescia, but through my heedlessness I forgot all about it till I got to Pistoia, a distance of eleven miles.

I found lodging outside the town, where I was visited by a son of M. de Ruspigliosi. Any one who travels in Italy otherwise than by hiring horses is a bad manager, for to me it seems far less irksome to change horses here and there, than to be in the hands of a single *vetturino* for a long journey. The twenty miles between Pistoia and Florence cost for horse hire only four julli. From Pistoia we passed Prato and came to Castello in time for dinner. We alighted at an inn opposite to the Grand Duke's palace, and after dinner we went to view more particularly the garden belonging thereto, which I found

¹ This spring was celebrated as early as 1370, accommodation for bathers having been built by the Florentines in that year.

to be less fair in reality than I had figured it, an experience I had often met before. The last time I saw it was in winter,¹ when it was bare and desolate, and then I imaged its loveliness in the sweet of the year, but my fancy ran away with me. We had come seventeen miles to Castello, and after dinner we rode the remaining three and arrived at Florence.

¹ See vol. ii., p. 54.



FLORENCE

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Table p. 94, Vol. III.

XI

FLORENCE

ON the Friday, I saw the public procession when the Grand Duke rode in his coach.¹ Amongst the other sights was a gilded car made in form of a theatre, in which were four little children, and one in the garb of a friar, who represented Saint Francis, holding his hands as the Saint is depicted, and bearing a crown over his cowl. This last was either a friar or some one in friar's dress with a false beard. Some children were dressed as warriors, amongst whom was Saint George, and when they entered the piazza they came upon a huge dragon which was clumsily borne along by some

¹ The festival of S. John Baptist. Cambiagi in *Memorie storiche*, and Guasti in *Le feste di S. Giovanni Battista*, have written at length concerning this feast.

men concealed. The dragon rushed forward, belching fire from his mouth and roaring, whereupon the young Saint George made at him with sword and lance and cut his throat.

I was most kindly received by one of the Gondi, a family living at Lyons: this gentleman sent me some of the Trebisiano, the finest wine of the country. Meantime it was so hot that even the people of the country marvelled at the heat, and this morning at dawn I had an attack of colic on the right side which lasted some three hours. I now tasted the first musk melon of the season: in Florence they have plenty of cucumbers and almonds from the beginning of June.

On the 23rd, the chariot races took place in a fine large piazza, surrounded on all sides by fair houses, the length thereof being greater than the width.¹ At either end was erected a squared obelisk of wood, and between these was stretched a long

¹ These races were instituted by Cosimo I. in 1563, and were held in the Piazza S. Maria Novella.

rope to prevent any one from crossing the square. In addition, several men were stationed all along the piazza to keep the people off the rope aforesaid. All the balconies were filled with ladies, and the Grand Duke, with the duchess and the court, occupied one of the palaces. The people stood all along the piazza and upon some platforms which had been put up, where also I found a place. Five chariots, empty, entered for the race, the station by the side of one of the obelisks being assigned by lot, some people affirming that the coach on the outside had the best place from being able to make the round more easily. A trumpet gave the signal to start, and the coach which reached the starting-point beside the pyramid, at the end of the third round, was to be declared the winner. The Grand Duke's coach held the lead up to the last round, but then the driver of the Strozzi coach, who had always hung close on the leader, urged his horses to make extraordinary efforts with loosened

reins; and, having collected all his forces, brought his coach in line with the Duke's at the end. I marked how the people began to clamour, as soon as they saw Strozzi gaining on the leader, and how they applauded him to the utmost though their ruler was there present. And afterwards, when the dispute was referred to the arbitration of certain gentlemen, the Strozzi partisans appealed to the verdict of the people assembled, who shouted with one voice in favour of Strozzi. The prize was finally awarded to him, unjustly as I thought, its value being a hundred crowns. No sight I had seen in Italy pleased me so much as this, on account of its resemblance to the ancient races.

This day being the vigil of Saint John the Baptist, they set certain small lamps on the top of the Duomo, making three rows thereof in circles, which gave light all round. They told me it was not the custom in Italy, as it is in France, to make bonfires on Saint John the Baptist's Day.

Saturday was Saint John's Day, the chief festival in Florence, and the one of the greatest fame, seeing that all, even the young maidens, take public part therein. I did not mark much beauty abroad. In the morning the Grand Duke appeared on a platform, raised against the wall of the Palazzo and overlooking the piazza. He was shaded by an awning adorned with the richest needlework, and on his left hand stood the nuncio of the Pope, and at some little distance apart, the Ferrarese ambassador. Then representatives of all his territories and cities passed before him, being summoned by a herald. Thus, Siena was represented by a youth, clad in black and white velvet, and bearing in his hand a large silver vase and an effigy of the Sienese wolf. This representative pays tribute to the Grand Duke every year, and makes a short speech. After he had passed, a succession of young men, shabbily dressed and riding wretched mules or horses, came by as they were called, this carrying a silver

cup and that a tattered flag. A great number of these went by without speech, or obeisance, or the least order, and seeming to treat the whole affair as a jest. They were supposed to represent the various villages and places dependent on Siena, and they go through this form every year.

Next came by a car carrying a square pyramid of wood, fashioned in steps, upon which sat a group of children clad in various fashions, and angels and saints. On the apex, which was as high as the highest of the houses, stood a man dressed to imitate Saint John, and tied on to an iron bar. Following this car came a number of officials, those of the Mint being most prominent. At the end of the show came another car, on which were youths who carried three prizes for the various races, and alongside went the Barbary horses which were going to compete ; also the riders thereof with the devices of their masters, who were some of the highest of the nobility. The horses, though small, were very shapely.

I did not feel the heat more severe than in France, nevertheless, to moderate it as much as possible in the inn bed-chamber, I had my bed made up every night on the table in the large room. I could not find here a single lodging which suited me, for this city is not a good one for strangers to inhabit, and the vermin with which the beds are infested must always be reckoned with. There is a scarcity of fish, and trout and the like are never eaten except when salted and brought from a distance. I remarked that the Grand Duke sent to a certain Milanese, Giovanni Mariano, who was lodging in my inn, a present of wine, fruit, bread, and fish, the last-named being small and kept alive in cool earthen jars.

All day long my mouth was parched and dry, with a feeling not of thirst but of internal heat, such as I have felt before during our hot seasons. I ate nothing but fruit, and some salad and sugar. I was indeed far from well.

The outdoor diversions, which we in

France take after supper, these people take before that meal, which in the longest days is not eaten till night, and in the morning they begin the day between seven and eight o'clock.

After dinner the race of the Barbary horses took place, the prize being carried off by the horse belonging to the Cardinal de' Medicis.¹ Its value was two hundred crowns. The spectacle is not one to give pleasure, as those on the road could see nothing but the rush of the horses.

On Sunday I saw the Pitti Palace, where, amongst other things, I remarked the marble statue of a mule, modelled from one still alive, which was executed on account of the long service done by this beast in carrying material for the building of this palace. At least that is what the Latin verses say.² In the palace I saw the image of the Chimera,

¹ Ferdinand, who afterwards became Grand Duke in 1588.

² The effigy of the mule still exists. The verses run :—

“Lecticam, lapides et marmora, ligna, columnas
Vexit, conduxit, traxit, et ista tulit.”

the head of which, with horns and ears, springs from between the shoulders, while the body is like that of a small lion.¹ On the Saturday the Grand Duke's palace was open in every part to the country-folk, the great hall being filled with parties of dancers, some here and some there. I have a notion that this licence, which they enjoyed on the great feast day of the city, seemed to them a sort of shadow of their lost liberty.

On Monday I dined with Signor Silvio Piccolomini, a man of well-known worth and especially skilled in the art of fence. Many subjects came up for discussion, as there was a large gathering of other gentlemen. He has a poor opinion of the art of fencing as practised by the Italian masters, such as *Veniziana di Bologna*, *Patinostraro*, and others. Indeed, the only one he favoured was a certain pupil of his own, who now lives at *Brescia*, where he teaches the art to the gentle-folk of the city. He declared that the ordinary teachers of fencing follow

¹ Montaigne describes this statue in vol. ii., p. 58.

neither art nor rule, and he condemned especially the far-reaching lunge which leaves your sword at the mercy of your adversary, and the practice of making one assault after another and then coming to a pause. This, he declared, was entirely against all experience of sword-play. He was on the eve of printing a treatise on this subject. In speaking of warfare he made light of artillery, greatly to my satisfaction, and he praised Machiavelli's work, *Della Guerra*, and was quite in agreement with the writer's opinions. He declared that the most skilful military engineer living was one in the service of the Grand Duke in Florence.

They have a fashion here of putting ice in the wine-cups, but of this I took very little, being uneasy in my body and troubled with pain in the side, besides passing an incredible quantity of gravel. My head still troubled me, and I could not get rid of the sensation of dulness and a certain indefinable heaviness over the brow, the cheeks, the teeth, the nose, and all parts. I imagined

this discomfort arose from drinking the sweet, heady wines of the country, because my headache returned after I had drunk heartily of the Trebisiano. I must have been inflamed through travelling in the summer heat, and it needed a great quantity of the wine to quench my thirst on account of its sweetness.

I have come to the conclusion that Florence has a good right to the title "La bella."¹ I went out to-day alone to amuse myself by inspecting those ladies who may be seen by any one who may be so inclined. I saw those of the greatest note, but they were not of much account. Their lodgings are all in one part of the city, and are wretched even for what they are, being in no way equal to those of the Roman or Venetian courtesans, any more than their occupants can compare with the aforesaid ladies in beauty, or grace, or carriage. If any one of them is minded to dwell out-

¹ Montaigne questioned this right on the occasion of his first visit (vol. ii., p. 54).

side these bounds she must not make herself conspicuous, and must hide her real calling under some fictitious one.

I went to see the workshops of the silk-spinners, where a woman by one turn of a wheel can set to work five hundred threads. On the Tuesday morning I passed a small red stone.

On Thursday I went to visit the Casino¹ of the Grand Duke. What struck me most there was a rock of pyramidal shape made of all sorts of mineral stones, the mass being composed of one fragment of each. From this rock a spring of water gushed forth and set in motion a great number of devices, water-mills, windmills, bells, soldiers, animals, hunting scenes, and many others of the same sort, all placed in a chamber inside. On Thursday I did not care to stay in the city to witness another horse race, so I went after dinner to Pratolino, which I inspected minutely for the second

¹ Probably the house which at one time stood in the Via Larga.

time, and, being requested by the steward of the palace to give my opinion as to the relative beauties of this place and of Tivoli, I said what I had to say without making any general comparison, but setting detail against detail, with the different things to be considered in each case, and letting now this place and now Tivoli have the advantage.

On Friday to the shop of the Giunti, where I bought a collection of Comedies, eleven in number, and certain other books. I saw there Boccaccio's will,¹ printed together with some lectures on the *Decameron*, which displays the amazing poverty into which this illustrious man must have fallen. He left some of his linen and bedding to his sisters and his other relatives, his books to a certain friar with the instructions that the legatee is

¹ This was first published in Italian by the Giunti in 1573. Manni, in his "History of the Decameron" (1742), professed to give a version taken from the rough draft of another will which Boccaccio had made in 1365. In 1859 Milanesi published the original Latin version from the document itself, which is in the possession of the Bichi-Borghese family in Siena.

to allow the use of them to any one who may demand the same. He made mention of everything down to earthenware and the meanest utensils, and arranged for his burial and masses. This is printed exactly from the original, which was written on parchment greatly injured and decayed.

The courtesans here stand at the doors of the houses to attract lovers, just as those of Rome and Venice sit by the windows. They take their station at suitable hours, and may be always seen, some with large and some with small company, talking and singing in the streets.

On Sunday the 2nd of July I quitted Florence after dinner, and, having crossed the Arno by the bridge, we left the river to the right hand, following its course nevertheless. We traversed a fine fertile plain, which produces the finest musk melons in Tuscany, but the best of these are not ripe before the 15th of July. Those grown at Legnara, three miles from Florence, are the best. Our road lay through a country for

the most part level and fertile, everywhere studded with houses large and small, which made it seem one continuous string of villages. Amongst others we passed a charming place called Empoli,¹ the name of which seemed to me to smack of antiquity. Its site is most lovely, but I saw no sign of old times save a ruined bridge near the road which had an indescribable look of age.

Here I made special note of three things. First, to see the people of these parts harvesting grain, or threshing, or sewing, or spinning on a Sunday. Second, to see the peasants with lutes in their hands, and even

¹ The name is certainly Greek. Empoli was the scene of the famous parliament of the Ghibellines in 1260, when, after the battle of the Arbia, the proposal to rase Florence to the ground was defeated by the opposition of Farinata degli Uberti.

“Poi ch'ebbe sospirando il capo scosso,
A ciò non fu'io sol (disse) nè certo
Senza cagion sarei con gli altri mosso ;
Ma fu' io sol colà, dove sofferto
Fu per ciascuno di tôr via Fiorenza,
Colui, che la difese a viso aperto.”

DANTE, *Inferno*, x.

the pastoral songs of Ariosto on their lips—which thing indeed may be observed all through Italy. Third, to see how these people will leave the grain lying in the fields for ten or fifteen days after it is cut—or even longer—without fear of being robbed by the neighbours. We travelled in the evening dusk for twenty miles as far as Scala.

Here we could only get lodging, which was very good. I took no supper, as I was troubled with toothache on the right side, an ailment which often comes with my headaches. I felt it especially when I was eating, as every bite caused me the sharpest pain. On the morning of Monday, July 3, we followed the level road beside the Arno, which led us to a fertile plain, covered with corn, and at midday, after riding twenty miles, came to Pisa.

XII

PISA

THIS city is under the Grand Duke of Florence, and stands on the plain of the Arno, which runs through the middle of it and enters the sea six miles farther on. By it ships of divers sorts can reach Pisa. The University was now closed, as it always is during the three hot months, but we found there a company of very good players, the Disiosi. The hotel was not to my liking, wherefore I hired a house with four rooms and one *salle*. The landlord did the cooking and provided furniture; an excellent house and all for eight crowns a month. But because the provision of table linen which he promised to make was very scanty (and in Italy they hardly ever change the napkins save when they change the tablecloth, which

is done twice a week), we let our servants buy some more. At the inn we had paid four julli a day.¹

This house was in a most pleasant situation, commanding a delightful prospect right over the channel through which the Arno flows. This channel is very wide and more than five hundred paces in length, slightly curved, and offering a charming object to the view, the bend aforesaid allowing the spectator to see easily both ends of the channel, full of merchant shipping and crossed by three bridges. The quays on either side are of fine masonry, with supports to the very top, like those on the Quai des Augustines at Paris, with wide streets, at the side of which

¹ Montaigne refers to this matter, *Essais*, iii. 13, where he lets fall a remark which throws some fresh light upon it. "Je disnerois sans nape, mais à l'Alemande, sans serviette blanche, très-incommodément; je les souille plus qu'eulx et les Italiens ne font; et m'ayde peu de cullier et de fourchette. Je plains qu'on n'aye suivy un train, que j'ay veu commencer à l'exemple des Roys: Qu'on nous changeast de serviette, selon les services, comme d'assiette." He seems to have favoured the saying, "Fingers were made before forks."

are rows of houses, one of which is the one I hired.

On Wednesday, July 5th, I visited the cathedral, built on the site of the palace of the Emperor Hadrian. Here are columns of various marbles, infinite in number and differing in form and workmanship, and most beautiful doors of metal. It is enriched by various trophies brought from Greece and Egypt, and itself is constructed out of ancient ruins, so that here may be seen inscriptions upside down, and there divided in the middle.¹ In some places are to be seen indecipherable characters said to be written by the Etruscans.² I saw the Campanile, which is marvellous in appearance, being inclined seven cubits out of the perpendicular. At Bologna and other places there are leaning towers. Pillars and open colonnades are set round it from top to bottom. Also the church of Saint John near thereto, which is very richly adorned with

¹ Le antiche iscrizioni del Duomo di Pisa.—C. Lupi (Pisa, 1877).

² These are still to be seen at the back of the apse.

painting and sculpture.¹ Amongst other rarities is a marble pulpit set very thickly with statues, which are so beautiful that Lorenzo, the same who slew Duke Alexander dei Medici, is said to have carried off the heads of certain of them,² and presented them to the queen. In shape this church resembles the Rotonda at Rome.³

The natural son of the duke aforesaid lives at Pisa.⁴ He is an old man, and I chanced to see him. He lives at his ease on the bounty of the present duke, and takes no part in public affairs, being con-

¹ The Baptistery.

² It is probable that Montaigne had heard the story (told in Varchi's *Storia Fiorentina*) how Lorenzino had broken off the heads of some of the statues on the Arch of Constantine at Rome, and had shifted the scene of the outrage to Pisa. For this offence Lorenzino was impeached by Molza before the Roman Academy. The Pisan version is alluded to by the local historians, Roncioni and Morrona; the last-named refuses to accept it.

³ The Pantheon.

⁴ Giulio, natural son of Alessandro. There was an attempt to put him in his father's place, but by Guicciardini's influence Cosimo became duke. Giulio enjoyed Cosimo's favour, and died in 1600.

tent to amuse himself with the excellent hunting and fishing to be enjoyed in the neighbourhood. In no other city of Italy is to be found such vast store of holy relics and exquisite works, and stone and marble work of such rarity, grandeur, and marvellous workmanship. I was immensely pleased with the cemetery, which they call the Campo Santo. It is of extraordinary size, and rectangular, three hundred paces long and one hundred wide, and surrounded by a corridor forty paces wide, covered with lead and paved with marble. The walls are covered with old paintings, and amongst them is a portrait of the Florentine Gondi, by whom the family of that name was founded.

The nobles of the city have their burial-places under this covered corridor. Here are to be seen the names and armorial devices of some four hundred families, of whom not more than four now dwell in Pisa, the survivors of the wars and destruction which have fallen upon this ancient city. The population is now very scanty, the place being chiefly

taken up by strangers. Many persons of rank belonging to the noble families referred to are still living in other parts of Christendom whither they have betaken themselves. In the midst of this enclosure is an open space where the dead are still buried. I was told positively by every one that any corpse interred there swells so greatly some eight hours afterwards that the ground may be seen to rise; in the next eight it subsides, and in eight hours more the flesh is entirely consumed, so that four-and-twenty hours after burial nothing is left but bare bones.¹ This strange fact resembles another told of that cemetery at Rome which rejects immediately the body of any Roman buried therein. This enclosure is paved, like the corridor, with marble, upon which is laid earth one or two cubits deep, which earth, they declare, was brought from Jerusalem, the Pisans having sent a great expedition for the

¹ Smollett repeats the same story in almost the same words: "Travels," Letter xxvii.

carrying out of this purpose. With the bishop's consent a little of this earth may be taken and mixed with that of other graves, the belief being that the corpses within will thereby consume away rapidly; and this belief is a plausible one, because in this particular cemetery bones are very rarely seen, scarcely any indeed, neither is there any place where they are collected and reinterred, as in other cities.

From the neighbouring mountains they quarry the finest marble, which is here worked by divers distinguished craftsmen. At this time they were preparing for the King of Fez, in Barbary, materials for a theatre of the richest design, the plan being drawn to include fifty most sumptuous marble columns. The arms of France are to be seen in countless places all about this city,¹ besides a column which King Charles VIII. gave to the Duomo. On the wall of a certain house looking upon the street the king aforesaid is represented,

¹ Montaigne often confuses the Florentine lilies with the arms of France, but in this case he seems to be right.

life-size, kneeling before the Virgin, who seems to be giving him counsel. An inscription set thereupon declares that the king, after supping in this house, was seized with the determination to give the Pisans their ancient freedom, and that by this act he surpassed the greatness of Alexander. He is there described as King of Jerusalem, Sicily, &c.¹ The words which refer to the grant of liberty have been designedly defaced and are half-erased. Many private houses still exhibit these arms as badges of honour, the king having granted the same to the owners.

Here are a few remains of ancient buildings. One is the fine brick ruin, which stands near the site of Nero's palace, the name of which

¹ This palace is now the Opera del Duomo. The sculpture has disappeared and only the French device remains. The inscription referred to by Montaigne was renewed in 1695 by Giulio Gaetani :

“Ædile Joanne Mariani

Christianiss. Gallorum Hierusalem et Siciliæ—Citra forum
Rex Carolus VIII. in his—Divæ Matris Ædibus idus
Novemb.:—1485 ex insperato comedit—Pisanæ libertatis
argumentum nunquam — Tantam Magnus Alexander
liberalitatem—Ostendit.”

it still retains,¹ and another the church of Saint Michael, formerly a temple of Mars.² Thursday was the Feast of Saint Peter, and report says it was formerly the custom for the bishop to go in procession on this day to the church of Saint Peter,³ which stands four miles outside the city, and thence on to the sea, into which he would cast a ring as a token of espousal, this city being a great maritime power. Now they simply send one of the University teachers to perform this ceremony. The priests go in procession only as far as the church, where they hold a great sale of pardons. A papal bull, dating back some four hundred years (taking as its authority a book more than twelve hundred years old), declares that this church was built by Saint Peter himself, and that one day when Saint Clement was performing the office on a marble

¹ These ruins are now called the Baths of Nero.

² San Michele in Borgo. The church, which was built by Niccolo Pisano, shows no trace of Roman work.

³ San Pietro in Grado. It probably dates from the tenth century, and is built of ancient fragments. The tradition is that S. Peter landed here and built the church.

altar, three drops of blood from the Saint's nose fell down upon this altar, where the stain made by them still remains as plain as if they had fallen three days ago. The Genoese mutilated this table and carried away one of the drops aforesaid, wherefore the Pisans removed what remained from the church into the city. But every year, on Saint Peter's Day, it is carried back in procession to its original place, and all night long people are passing hither and thither in boats.

On Friday, June 7th, I went early to see the dairy farm of Don Piero de' Medici,¹ about two miles distant. This prince has vast estates, which he cultivates on his own account, engaging every five years a fresh set of labourers, who receive as wages half the produce of the soil, which is here very fertile in grain. In the pastures animals of all sorts are kept. I dismounted in order to inspect more minutely the farmstead, where a vast number of people were at work making

¹ Third son of Cosimo I. He murdered his wife, Eleanora of Toledo, who was so frequently painted by Bronzino. He died in 1604.

curd and butter and cheese, and using divers implements made for the purpose.

Onward from thence over the plain I went as far as the beach of the Tyrrhenian Sea, getting a sight of Lerici on the right, and on the left of Leghorn, a town with a castle close to the sea and nearer than Lerici. From here I could also see the island of Gorgona, beyond this Capraia,¹ and Corsica beyond all. I turned to the left and followed the shore as far as the mouth of the Arno, which is of ill-fame amongst sailors because the many small streams which fall into it bring down great quantities of earth and mud and form a bar at the mouth. Here I bought some fish, which I despatched as a present to the ladies of the theatre. Along the river are many thickets of tamarisk. On Saturday I bought, for six giulios, a small barrel made of this wood, which I caused to be

¹ Dante, *Inferno*, xxxiii., alludes to the position of these islands—

“ Muovansi la Capraia e la Gorgona,
E faccian siepe ad Arno in su la foce
Si ch' egli annieghi in te ogni persona.”

hooped with silver, paying the silversmith three crowns for the work. Besides this, I spent six giulios on a walking-stick of Indian cane, and eight more on a small vessel and a cup made of Indian nut, which is quite as efficacious against spleen and the gravel as tamarisk.

The man who made these wares, an artist of great talent and famous as a maker of fine mathematical instruments, informed me, that all trees, when cut through, show as many rings as they have years, and he gave me demonstration of this from all the different sorts of wood he had in his shop, he being a carpenter. The part of the tree which faces the north is always of closer grain and with circles nearer together than the other parts. Wherefore, he boasts that, whatever specimen of wood may be brought to him, he can always determine how old was the tree from which it was cut, and the aspect towards which it faced.¹

¹ Leonardo da Vinci, in his "Treatise on Botany," makes similar remarks as to the rings in timber and the effect of a north aspect on the character of the wood.

Only a short time ago this city bore an evil name for its unhealthy air, but this is vastly improved since Duke Cosimo has drained the marshes by which it is surrounded. Formerly the place was so unhealthy that when the government wanted to banish any one, and at the same time get rid of him, they always banished him to Pisa, where in a few months the job was done. There are no partridges here, though the Duke has taken great pains to foster them.

I received several visits at my lodging from Girolamo Borro,¹ a physician and

¹ There is a reference to this visit, *Essais*, i. 25: "Je vis privément à Pise un honeste homme, mais si Aristotelicien, que le plus general de ses dogmes est : Que la touche et regle de toutes imaginations solides, et de toute verité, c'est la conformité à la doctrine d'Aristote : que hors de là, ce ne sont que chimeres et inanité : qu'il a tout veu et tout dit. Cette sienne proposition, pour avoir esté un peu trop largement et uniquement interpretée, le mit autrefois, et tint longtems en grand accessoire à l'inquisition à Rome." Borro was born at Arezzo, and appointed Professor of Philosophy at Pisa in 1553. After divers prosecutions by the Inquisition, he was finally dismissed in 1586, and died at Perugia in 1592.

doctor of philosophy, and when I went to see him on July 14, he made me a present of his book on the flux and reflux of the sea, written in Italian. At the same time he showed me another book he had written in Latin on the diseases of the body.

On this same day, twenty-one Turkish slaves escaped from the arsenal near my house and fled the place, having taken possession of a bark, with full equipment, which the Signor Alessandro di Piombini had left there while he went fishing. Except the Arno itself, and the navigable channel so admirably contrived, and the churches and ancient buildings and others of particular merit, there is little in Pisa that is distinguished or worth seeing. The place is like a desert, and in this respect, and in the fashion of the buildings, and in its size, and in the wideness of the streets, it strongly resembles Pistoia. Its chief disadvantage is its bad water, which has everywhere a marshy smell.

These people are very poor, but at the

same time very arrogant and unfriendly, and discourteous towards strangers, and towards the French especially since the death of their late bishop, Pietro Paulo Borbonio, who claimed kinship with our royal house.¹ Certain of his relations still reside here. This prelate was so liberal and so well disposed to our nation that he made it a rule to entertain in his palace at once any Frenchman who might arrive in Pisa. To the Pisans he has left an honoured memory of his righteous life and bounty. He died only five or six years ago.

On July 17th, I joined with twenty-five others, at a crown each, in a raffle for some things belonging to Fargnocola, one of the aforementioned players. We began by drawing lots as to who should play first, second, and so on; and then made the rule that, as there were several lots of things to play for, they should be divided into two equal parts. One of these was to fall to the

¹ Jacopo and not Pietro Paulo. He was Archbishop of Pisa from 1574 to 1575.

player who threw highest, the other to the lowest throw. It chanced that I threw second highest.

On the 18th, at the church of S. Francesco, a grave tumult arose between the priests of the cathedral and the friars. On the previous day a Pisan gentleman was brought to be buried in the cathedral, whereupon the priests got ready all their paraphernalia for the funeral office, asserting their ancient right and privilege. But the friars on their part declared that they and no others had the right to say mass in their church. One of the priests attempted to get possession of the table, having gone up to the high altar, but a friar forced him away, whereupon the vicar, the head of the priests of this church, gave the friar a buffet. Then arose a hand-to-hand fight, fists, bludgeons, candlesticks, and tapers being used freely, and the upshot was that no mass was said by either party. This outbreak of rage and riot caused a great scandal. As soon as I heard the report thereof, I went to

the cathedral, where I received true report of what had happened.

At daybreak on the 22nd three Turkish pirate ships made a raid on the adjoining sea coast and carried off fifteen or twenty poor fishermen and shepherds as captives. On the 25th I paid a visit to Cornacchino,¹ a famous Pisan physician and teacher. He lived according to a rule of his own, which differed vastly from the rules of his art. Immediately after dinner he would go to sleep and would drink a hundred times a day. He read to me some rhymes of his own written in the Pisan dialect which were not displeasing. According to him the baths near the city are of no great account, but he had a high opinion of those of *Bagno Acqua*,² about sixteen miles distant, which he declared

¹ Tommaso Cornacchini, a famous Aretine physician. He was Professor of Medicine at Pisa, and died there in 1584. His works were published after his death by his sons Oragio and Marco (Padua 1605, Venice 1607). Marco was also a distinguished physician and the inventor of the *Polvere cornacchina*.

² Now known as Casciana.

to be marvellously good for liver complaints, detailing to me some wonderful cures, and for the stone and colic as well. He recommended me, however, before taking these waters, to drink some of the Della Villa spring. He is of opinion that, after blood-letting, medicine has no curative agent to compare with baths, if only they be used with understanding. He also told me that at Bagno Acqua the lodgings are good, and that I might make myself very comfortable there.

On Thursday, July 27th, I left Pisa early in the morning, being highly gratified by the courteous and friendly treatment I had received from Signor Vintavinti, Signor Lorenzo Conti, Signor Miniato in whose house lived the Cavaliere Camillo Gatani—who offered to let his brother return with me to France—Signor del Borro, and divers other craftsmen and merchants with whom I had dealings. I am certain that I could have raised money from them, had I needed it, albeit the Pisans have the name for

churlishness and arrogance. But in every case a courteous man wins a return for his courtesy.

This country abounds in pigeons, nuts, and mushrooms. We went for a certain distance over the plain and arrived at the baths of Pisa, of which there are several. One of these bears an inscription cut in marble which I could not rightly decipher. It is in rhymed Latin verses and seems to celebrate the virtues of these springs. As far as I could gather it was written in 1300.

The largest and the most seemly of these baths is square-built with one side open, very well fitted, and having marble staircases. It measures thirty paces square, and in one corner the spring flows in through a spout. I took a draught of it to test it, and found it lacking in taste and in smell also. I only detected a slight roughness on the tongue. It is scarcely warm at all and very pleasant to drink. I looked at the water as it flowed from the spout, and perceived therein the same minute particles, white atoms, which

had offended me at Baden, and which I judged to be some dirt come in from without. Now, I believe these atoms to be connected with the mineral properties of the water. Round about the outflow these atoms are thicker, where forsooth the waters ought to be the clearest, as I found them to be at Baden. This place is a desert and the lodging very bad ; indeed these baths are almost forsaken, the few people who use them preferring to come out in the morning from Pisa, which is only four miles distant, and return in the evening. The chief bath is uncovered, and is the only one which shows any trace of antiquity. It is called the bath of Nero, and the story goes that this Emperor caused water therefrom to be led by an aqueduct to his palace at Pisa.¹

There is another covered bath, filled with

¹ Some remains of a Roman bath still exist in Pisa itself close to the Porta a Lucca, and are called Bagno di Nerone. Montaigne probably confuses the two places. The baths which he here describes are still in use, and are the same as were known in ancient times as Aquæ Calidæ Pisanorum.

the purest water, which is used by the people of the district. It is said to be good for the liver and for the eruptions caused by liver disorders. The same draught is prescribed here as at other baths, and exercise after drinking is commonly taken: or you may take a sweating bath, or use it in other forms. By ascending this hill I got a very fine view, looking over the great plain, the sea, the islands, Leghorn, and Pisa. After coming down we again traversed the plain in which Lucca is situated, and arrived there after a journey of ten miles.

XIII

RETURN TO LUCCA

THIS morning I passed another stone somewhat larger and looking as if it must have been detached from one much larger. God knows whether it is so. Let it be as He wills. We made the same terms at the inn as at Pisa, four giuli a day for ourselves and three for the servants. But on the 28th, being in a way compelled by the most courteous proposals of Signor Ludovico Pinitesi, I went to occupy a ground-floor apartment in his house. It was very cool, excellently arranged, and contained five chambers, a dining-room and a kitchen, the furniture of all sorts, of the finest and handsomest style, being supplied to me according to Italian custom, which in many ways equals our own and in some surpasses it. These fine large lofty arched

ceilings are in truth great ornaments in Italian houses. They give a pleasant and dignified aspect to the entrances, because all the lower storeys are built in this fashion with wide and lofty doorways. In the summer all the gentle-folk of Lucca take their meals in public in these entries in full sight of the passers-by.

I may declare with truth that wherever I have stopped in Italy I have been lodged, not to say well, but excellently, except in Florence—and there I did not leave the inn in spite of the discomforts I had to endure, especially in the summer heat—and in Venice, where we lodged in a noisy ill-kept house, as our sojourn was to be a very brief one. My chamber here was apart, supplied with everything I could need, convenient and perfectly quiet. I rejoiced that the people of the place did not call upon me—or only one or two—for even civility sometimes becomes irksome. I slept and read as I was inclined, and when I went abroad I always found conversation in plenty

with the people in the streets, who would be ready for a chat at any hour of the day ; and then there were the shops, and the churches, and the market-place. Going about like this, from one country to another, I was never at a loss for material for the satisfying of my curiosity. And all this time I felt my mind at ease, as much as ill-health and old age would allow, and little prone to seize opportunities for disturbing itself from the outside world. The only loss I felt was that of a sympathetic companion, for, being alone, I had to enjoy all these pleasures by myself, and could not share them with another.

The people of Lucca are greatly given to a game called *Pallone*, and they often meet for matches. Men seldom ride on horse-back through the streets, and it is the rarest sight to see one in a coach, but ladies go on mule-back with a foot-servant. Strangers coming here have great difficulty in finding houses to let, the city itself being very thickly populated and the travellers visiting

it very few. For an ordinary house with four furnished chambers, a dining-room, and a kitchen I was asked a rent of seventy crowns a month. It is hard to find any society in Lucca, for the reason that all the people, even the very children, are taken up with business incessantly, and with winning riches by means of traffic. On this account Lucca is somewhat unpleasant as a residence for foreigners.

On August the 10th we rode out into the country with certain gentlemen of the city who had lent us horses. All round about I saw a vast number of delightful villas for the distance of three or four miles, built with porticoes and loggias, which add greatly to their beauty. One had a very large loggia, arched all along inside, and clad without by the branches and tendrils of vines which were planted and trained over certain supports, the effect being one of coolness, verdure, and natural beauty.

The pain in the head would sometimes leave me for five or six days or even longer,

but I could never feel myself safe from it. I was taken with a fancy to study the Florentine tongue, and I gave much time and trouble thereto, in return for which I reaped very little profit. The heat this summer was much greater than usual. On the 12th I went outside the city to visit the villa of Signor Benedetto Buonvisi, a fairly pleasant house. Amongst other things there I marked certain fair little thickets planted in sloping ground. They plant some fifty paces apart clumps of trees of that sort which holds green all the year round, and they surround these with shallow ditches, and construct certain covered ways within, and in the middle of each is a station for the fowler who, by means of a silver whistle and a quantity of captive thrushes trained for the purpose, and by setting limed twigs at every corner, will catch in a single morning two hundred thrushes at a certain season of the year, to wit, in the month of November. Such sport is only to be found in one district near a certain quarter of the city.

On Sunday the 13th I left Lucca, having settled to hand over to Signor Ludovico Pinitesi fifteen crowns for the hire of his house, making one crown per diem, a sum with which he was fully satisfied. We saw on our way a vast number of villas belonging to the gentle-folk of Lucca, handsome, neat, and graceful houses with abundance of water, but the supply is intermittent and does not come from natural springs. It is indeed wonderful to see so little running water in a land mountainous as this. Their habit is to tap the rivulets by small channels, and lead the water through fountains, vases, and grottoes and other devices of the sort for the ornamentation of the gardens. That same evening we arrived in time for supper at the villa of the Signor Ludovico aforesaid, his son Signor Oragio having been of our party on the journey. He gave us excellent entertainment, regaling us with a most sumptuous supper at night, set out under a wide portico exquisitely cool and open on every side, and giving us fine bed-chambers

with clean delicate linen like that we had rejoiced over in his father's house at Lucca.

We left early on Monday morning and rode without dismounting for fifteen miles to Bagni della Villa, where we arrived at dinner-time. On our way we halted a short time to see the villa of the bishop who was there in residence. We met with the kindest reception from the whole household, and were pressed to take our dinner with them. On our arrival we were heartily welcomed by all the residents; indeed, it seemed as if I had returned to my own home. I had lodging in the same apartment as before, at twenty crowns a month and the same other conditions.

On Tuesday, August 15, I spent a short hour in the bath. I seemed to get chilled sooner than before, and I did not perspire at all. On returning to these baths I felt myself not merely well, but full of health and spirits, and on the 16th I went to the ladies' bath, which I had never before used, in order to be by myself. It was too hot

for my taste, and, whether from the actual heat thereof, or from the relaxing of the pores in yesterday's bath, I soon became very warm. I used the same bath on the two following days, and on the 19th I went again and remained there two hours, rather later in the day in order to allow a lady of Lucca the first turn, a just and proper rule being here observed to give the ladies the use of their bath at their convenience. The people here do not keep the feasts of religion so closely as we do, especially the Sunday; but the women get through the greater part of their work before dinner.

In the morning I wrote out my journal, and immediately after dinner I was seized with colic, and in order to keep me still more on the alert, a violent toothache began in my left jaw, a pain I had never felt before. Finding the discomfort intolerable I went to bed after three or four hours' agony, and in a short time the pain left me. The next morning I felt myself much better, the flatulence and colic being abated; but I was

very weak though free from pain. I took some food without any relish, and I drank without tasting what I swallowed, though I was very thirsty; and almost immediately the toothache returned and troubled me greatly up to supper-time. I had a good night's rest, but I awoke in the morning somewhat indisposed, weary, the mouth parched with roughness and bad taste, and breath like one in a state of fever.

It would be too great cowardice and *ischifiltà*¹ on my part if, knowing that I am every day in danger of death from these ailments, and drawing nearer thereto every hour in the course of nature, I did not do my best to bring myself into a fitting mood to meet my end whenever it may come. And in this respect it is wise to take joyfully all the good fortune God may send. Moreover there is no remedy, nor rule, nor knowledge whereby to keep clear of these evils which from every side and at every minute gather round man's footsteps, save in the

¹ Old form of *schifiltà*—squeamishness.

resolve to endure them with dignity, or boldly and promptly make an end of them.¹

On August the 25th my kidney troubles abated, and I found myself about as well as before, save that I had frequent pain both by day and night in my left cheek, but it did not last long. I remember to have been troubled with the same pain when at home.

On the 27th I was so sharply troubled with toothache after dinner that I sent for the doctor, who, when he had taken account of all the symptoms, and had marked especially that the pain subsided while he was there, decided that this was no material fluxion, but one extremely subtle, and little else than wind which ascended from the stomach to the head, and, having mixed itself with the humours there, caused this disorder. This opinion seemed to me reasonable, seeing that I had often suffered

¹ Montaigne writes somewhat in the same strain in *Essais*, ii. 6, and gives an apology for suicide, ii. 3.

from similar seizures in other regions of my body.

On Monday the 28th of August I went at dawn to the Bernabo spring and drank over seven pounds thereof. I am sure this draught gave me the vapours and made my head ache, and on Tuesday I drank nine pounds from the common spring and felt my head affected immediately after. In sooth my head was in very bad case, having never recovered from the effects of the first bath I took. It has pained me less often of late, and in a different way, as it has not weakened me or dazzled my eyes as it did a month ago. I suffered chiefly in the back, and pain never attacked my head, but it flew to my left cheek, affecting all parts thereof, the teeth down to the very roots, the ear, and a portion of the nose. The pang would be brief, but as a rule sharp and burning, and wont to attack me frequently both night and day. This is how my head fared at this juncture.

I am firmly convinced that the fumes of

this water both in drinking and in bathing—though I hold drinking to be the worse—are very bad for the head, and even worse for the stomach. And on this account the patients here are forced to take medicines to correct the action of the water. On the Thursday I gave up drinking and rode in the morning to see Costrone, a large village in the mountains. I found many fine and fertile level spaces and pasturage to the very tops of the mountains. To this village are attached several hamlets with comfortable houses roofed with stone. On my way back I made a long circuit through the hills.

My head meantime continued in its usual condition—to wit, a bad one; I began to get weary of these baths, and if I had received from France news for which I had been waiting—indeed for four months I had heard nothing at all—I should have set forth at once and finished my autumn cure in some other bath. In travelling towards Rome the baths of Bagno Acqua, Siena, and Viterbo

would lie but little off the main road ; and towards Venice I should pass near those of Bologna and Padua.

In Pisa I had had my arms drawn in fine colours and gilded for the cost of a French crown and a half, and I now pasted the drawing on wood—it was done on canvas—and this wooden tablet I caused to be carefully nailed to the wall of the chamber I had occupied, with the understanding that the device should be held to be given to the room itself, and not to Captain Paulino the proprietor, and that it should not be taken down whatever might befall the house in the future. This the captain promised, and confirmed his promise with an oath.

On Sunday, September the 3rd, I spent more than an hour in the bath, and was much troubled by wind, but without pain. In the night and on Monday morning I had toothache so badly that I feared it must arise from a decayed tooth. I chewed mastic all the morning without relief.

During the night I sent for an apothecary,

who gave me some *aqua vitæ*, and bade me hold it to the spot where the pain was sharpest. The relief I got was marvellous; for, as soon as I took it into my mouth, the pain ceased; but as soon as I spat out the spirit the pain returned, wherefore I was forced to keep the glass always at my lips. I could not keep the spirit in my mouth continually, for, as soon as the pain was reduced, I would through weariness fall into a heavy sleep, and then some drops of the spirit would run down my throat and choke me so that I was forced to get rid of it. Just at daybreak the pain seemed to leave me.

On the Tuesday morning all the gentlemen staying at the bath came to see me as I lay in bed. I afterwards caused a plaster of mastic to be put on my left temple, where the throbbing pain had been worst, and had less pain during the day. At night they applied lint to the cheek and the left side of the head, and my sleep was painless though disturbed.

On the Wednesday I had constant tooth-ache and pain in the left eye, and on Thursday I spent an hour in the large bath. This same morning there came to hand, by way of Rome, a letter from M. de Tausin, written from Bordeaux on August 2nd, in which he informed me that, on the preceding day, I had been chosen to be Mayor of that city by public choice, and begged me that, out of my goodwill for the city, I would take up this burden.¹

On Sunday, September 10th, I spent an hour in the ladies' bath, which, being rather hot, caused me to perspire, and after dinner I went on horseback to visit some places in the neighbourhood, and a little town called Gragnaiola, situated on the top of one of the highest mountains of this group. As I rode along these heights the slopes around

¹ "Messieurs de Bordeaux m'esleurent Maire de leur ville, estant esloigné de France, et encore plus esloigné d'un tel pensement. Je m'en excusay. Mais on m'apprint que j'avois tort, le commandement du Roy s'y interposant aussi" (*Essais*, iii. 10). Sainte Beuve (*Nouveaux Lundis*, vol. vi.) has an article, *Montaigne maire de Bordeaux*.

appeared to me the fairest and most fertile that the world could show. In course of conversation with some of the peasantry I inquired of a very old man whether the baths were much used by the inhabitants; whereupon he answered that the people about Lucca were like those living near the Madonna of Loreto, who very rarely go on pilgrimages to the shrine there; in like fashion the baths of Lucca enjoyed little favour, except from foreigners and people coming from afar. Moreover, there was one matter which gave him disquiet, to wit, that for some years past there had appeared manifest signs that the baths had done more harm than good to those who used them. He declared the cause of this to be that, whereas in former days there was no apothecary in the whole district and physicians were rarely seen, these gentry now swarmed; and, having an eye to their own gain, established the doctrine that the baths would prove of no service unless the patient take medicine, not only before and after but at divers times

during the operation of the waters, which would not easily assimilate if taken by themselves. He declared that the clearest proof of this appeared in the fact that, of the people who used these baths, more died than were cured; and that in a short time the place would fall into disrepute and neglect.

On September 12th, 1581, we set forth early from Bagni della Villa and arrived at Lucca in time for dinner, after riding fourteen miles. They were just beginning to gather the grapes. The feast of Santa Croce is the great one of this city, and during eight days all who may be proscribed on account of debt are suffered to return without hurt to their homes, so as to attend to their devotions. In all Italy I have never found a barber who could shave me or cut my hair properly.

On Wednesday evening we went to hear vespers and see the processions in the cathedral, where a vast multitude of the citizens were assembled. There was an exhibition

of the Volto Santo, which is here held in the highest reverence because of the antiquity of the *cultus*, and of the many miracles due thereto ; indeed the cathedral was built especially for the sake of this relic, and the little chapel where it is preserved still stands in the centre of the great church in an incongruous position, and in violation of all the canons of architecture.¹ As soon as the vespers were ended the whole of the congregation went to another church, which was formerly the cathedral.²

On Thursday I heard mass in the choir of the cathedral, when all the government officials were present. The people of Lucca take great pleasure in music and sing in unison, but it is rare to hear a fine voice. There was a full choir for this mass, but it was not a great performance ; a high altar, very lofty in construction, had been specially built of

¹ This chapel, the masterpiece of Matteo Civitali, was erected in 1484. The Volto Santo di Lucca is an ancient carved crucifix of cedar which, according to legend, was brought to the city in 782.

² S. Frediano.

wood and cardboard, and covered with images, and large silver candlesticks and vessels, the last being arranged with a basin in the centre and four plates around it. The altar was decorated in this fashion from top to bottom, and made a fine and imposing spectacle.

Whenever the bishop says mass (as he did on this occasion), at the *Gloria in excelsis* he sets light to a bunch of tow suspended in a grating in the middle of the church, especially contrived for this purpose.

In this district the weather was already very wet and cold. On Sunday the 18th of September took place the ceremony of the change of the gonfaloniers of the city, and I was a spectator of the same at the palace. Here they work on Sundays as much as on week days, and many shops are open.

XIV

SECOND VISIT TO ROME

ON Wednesday the 20th of September I left Lucca after dinner, having first packed two boxes of things for despatch to France. We traversed a level convenient highway, the country round being barren as the Landes of Gascony. We crossed a wide river by a bridge built by Duke Cosimo at a place where there are iron mills belonging to the Grand Duke, and good lodging, also three fish ponds, places divided off like enclosed pools and paved with bricks. In these they keep a vast number of eels, which we could easily discern, as there was very little water. We crossed the Arno at Fucecchio, and after a journey of twenty miles arrived at dusk at Scala.

We left Scala at sunrise and travelled

over a good level road through a country of low fertile hills, not unlike France, taking our way through Castel Fiorentino, a small walled town, and then passed by the foot of the hill on which is situated Certaldo, the birthplace of Boccaccio, and a handsome little town. After going eighteen miles we halted for dinner at Poggibousi, a small town, and arrived in time for supper at Siena, twelve miles farther on. I remarked that the cold at this season was sharper in Italy than in France. The piazza of Siena is the finest of any city in the world. Mass is said therein at an altar in the open space, over which look all the houses and shops, wherefore the craftsmen and all the people can participate without quitting their work. At the elevation a trumpet is sounded to let every one know.

On Sunday the 23rd of September we left Siena after dinner, and travelled over a convenient road, which was a little unlevel in places, as the country is broken up in low fertile hills. At the end of twenty

miles we came to S. Chirico, a pretty little town, where we found lodging outside the walls. Our baggage-horse fell down as he was crossing a brook we had to ford, and thus damaged greatly all my things, my books especially, and we were forced to stop and dry them. Montepulciano, Montecello, and Castiglioncello, were towns standing on neighbouring hills to the left hand.

Early on Monday I went to see a bath about two miles distant, called Vignone, after a little town near thereto. The bath is situated in a somewhat elevated position, beneath which runs the river Urcia, and round about it are grouped about a dozen cottages, ill-found and distasteful, a lousy-looking den. There is a large pool, surrounded with a wall and steps, in the midst of which may be seen boiling up several springs of the hot water which, as it has no smell of sulphur, little exhalation, and a red sediment, seemed to me more ferruginous than anything else. It is never drunk. The size of this pool is sixty paces

by thirty-five, and near it are four or five covered enclosures for the use of bathers. The bath has considerable reputation, and for drinking the patients here give the preference to the water of S. Carriano near S. Chirico, and eighteen miles towards Rome, to the left of the main road.

In looking at the earthenware of these parts, which resembles porcelain, and is white, and clean, and very cheap, I thought it would be far more appetising for table use than the pewter used in France, which in the inns is especially disagreeable. About this time I felt in my head a slight return of the pain from which I deemed I was now fully delivered. It troubled me as before, round the eyes and brow, and the forepart of the head generally, in the form of heaviness and a weary, disquiet feeling, causing me much anxiety. On Tuesday we dined at La Paglia, after a ride of thirteen miles, and slept at a bad inn at S. Lorenzo, sixteen miles farther on.

On Wednesday morning a dispute arose

between our people and the *vetturini* of Siena, who, thinking that we were over-long in the road, made a demur about paying the outlay for the horses for this evening. The matter became so serious that I brought it before the governor, who, having heard it, decided in my favour, and sent one of the *vetturini* to prison. I argued that the accident to the baggage-horse in the river, by which the greater part of my goods were spoilt, was the real cause of any delay.

About six miles from Montefiascone, a few paces to the right of the main road, is a bath called Naviso, in the middle of a wide plain. It is three or four miles distant from the nearest hill, and the outflow has formed a little lake, at one end of which is to be seen a strong spring of hot water boiling up briskly. It smells of sulphur, having a scum on the surface and a white sediment. On one side of this spring is a pipe which conveys the water to two baths in a house near by. This, the only bath-house in the place, has numerous chambers,

but they are very bad. I fancy, however, that few people come here. The water may be drunk for seven days, ten pounds per diem, but before it is taken it must be left some time to get cool, as at the baths of Preissac.¹ The patients bathe in addition.

This house and the bath belong to a church, and is let for fifty crowns per annum. The bath is likewise of great use to the sick people who come here in the spring of the year, and the man who hires it sells a quantity of the mud taken from the bath, which mud, when dissolved in hot oil, is good for the itch in human beings, and for scabby dogs and cattle, when diluted with water. The price of this mud when sold on the spot is two giulios a load, but they sell it also in dried balls for seven quattrini apiece. We saw here a lot of dogs belonging to Cardinal Farnese, which had been sent here for the bath.

¹ A bath in Gascony. Montaigne alludes to it in vol. ii., p. 24.

Three miles farther on we came to Viterbo, and our arrival here was so ill-timed that we were forced to take dinner and supper together. I was hoarse and had a bad cold through having slept in my clothes last night on a table at S. Lorenzo, by reason of the vermin, a misadventure which only befell me at Florence and this place. At Viterbo the people eat a sort of acorn which they call *gensole*;¹ it is found in various other parts of Italy and is pleasant to taste. Starlings are so plentiful that they are to be had for one baiocco each.

On Thursday, September 28th, I went in the morning to see some other baths near this place, situated in a plain in a remote spot some distance from the hills.² Formerly there were two separate buildings used as baths, not very long ago, but these have perished through neglect. There is a rank smell throughout the place. All that now remains is a cabin containing a small spring

¹ Probably the fruit of the *zizzolo* (*Ziziphus vulgaris*).

² The Bagni di S. Paolo.

of hot water which forms a pool for bathers. This water is odourless, with an insipid taste, and not over-warm. It seemed to me to contain iron, and it is occasionally drunk. Farther on is what they call the Palace of the Pope, the story being that Pope Nicolas either built or restored it.¹ Below this palace, in a deep hollow, three separate springs of hot water rise from the earth, one of which serves for drinking, having a moderate warmth, no smell, but somewhat sharp on the palate. I believe it contains much nitre. I came here with the view of taking the waters for three days, the quantity taken being just the same as in other places. Exercise is used after drinking, and they set great store on sweating.

This water is held in high esteem, and quantities of it are carried all over Italy; and the physician, who has written a treatise on the potable water of the baths of Italy, gives it the first place, commending it

¹ A house built by Nicolas V. out of the ruins of an ancient bath, the Bagno della Crociata.

especially for diseases of the kidneys. It is usually drunk in May. I gathered faint hope of making a cure when I read an inscription on the wall, written by a certain man who cursed his physician for having sent him to such a place, and affirmed that he had suffered much ill from his stay there. Moreover, the proprietor hinted to me that I had come too late in the season, and certainly did not urge me to take the waters.

There is only one lodging-house, but it is large and well arranged, and situated only about a mile and a half from Viterbo, so I went thither on foot. There are three or four baths of various properties, and in addition provision for the douche. This water throws up a white scum, which hardens readily and becomes solid like ice, making a crust on the surface of the water. If a linen cloth be dipped therein, it will quickly become loaded with this scum and quite stiff. This substance is sold into other parts for use in cleansing the teeth, and when

chewed it has no more taste than earth or sand; indeed, the composition thereof is reputed to be the same as that of marble, in which case it might well harden in the kidneys. It is said, however, that the water which is exported in bottles has no sediment and remains quite clear. I imagine it may be drunk in any quantity, and that the sharpness before-named may give it a certain savour and make it easier to swallow.

On my way back, I went over the same plain, which stretches out to great length and is eight miles wide, to see the place where the people of Viterbo (who are all either workers or traffickers with no gentlemen amongst them) collect the flax and hemp, the working of which is their chief industry, and found none but men employed, the women taking no part in the work. There was a vast quantity of material, and many craftsmen busy around a lake of water, which is boiling hot all the year round, and is said to be fathomless. From this lake they have formed other pools of warm

water in which they put their hemp and flax to steep.¹

On Saturday, Saint Michael's Day, I went after dinner to visit the Madonna del Cerquio,² a church about a mile outside the city. The road thither is a very fine one, level and straight and planted with trees from one end to the other, the work of the Farnese Pope.³ The church itself is very fine, full of evidences of devotion and innumerable *ex votos*. On the wall is the Latin inscription, some hundred years old, telling how a certain man, having been

¹ This is the spring of Bulicame to which Dante alludes, *Inferno*, xiv. :—

“Quale del Bulicame esce il ruscello,
Che parton poi tra lor le peccatrici,
Tal per l'arena giù sen giva quello.”

Pits for the steeping of hemp and flax still exist. A document has been found in the communal archives which shows that, as late as 1469, a portion of the spring went to the Bagni delle Meretrici.

² Madonna della Quercia, between Orte and Viterbo. It is one of the finest Renaissance churches in Italy. It was built from Bramante's design, and contains some beautiful Della Robbia work.

³ Paul III.

attacked by robbers and half-killed, sought refuge in an oak tree, upon which was set the image of the Madonna now preserved here, and offered his prayers thereto. By a miracle the Madonna made him invisible, and thus he escaped a most pressing danger; and from this miracle arose this particular worship of the Madonna. The present magnificent church was built near where the oak stood, and the trunk of the oak tree, cut off low down, may yet be seen; and the part to which the image was fixed, together with the branches, is hung up on the wall.

On Saturday the last day of September I left Viterbo in the morning and took the road to Bagnaia, a place belonging to Cardinal Gambaro, richly embellished, especially with fountains, in respect of which it not only equals but outdoes places like Pratolino and Tivoli.¹ In the first place the fountains here all run with fresh spring water, which is not the case at Tivoli, and the supply is

¹ Now the Villa Lante.

so abundant—at Pratolino it is very scanty—that they have been able to make all sorts of devices therewith. Messer Tomaso da Siena, who designed the fountains at Tivoli, or at any rate the principal ones, is still engaged on these, which are unfinished, and in this, his latest work, he has touched the highest point of art and beauty and grace, by adding continually some fresh design to the original. There is a lofty pyramid, from which three thousand jets of this matchless water gush forth in all kinds of different ways, some ascending, others descending, and round the pyramid are four beautiful basins full of clear fresh water. In the middle of each is a little boat fashioned in stone, each one manned with two arquebusiers and a trumpeter, who shoot water through their instruments on to the pyramid. Round about are most lovely walks furnished with seats made of fine stone and carved with most exquisite art. Other portions of the place may seem more delightful to other people; for instance, the palace

itself, small, but well kept and pleasant. For myself, however, I maintain that this place far outshines any other in turning water to use and beauty. The cardinal was not there, but being *francesco* at heart as he was Francesco by name, his people in charge of the palace showed me the greatest courtesy and friendship.

From this place we followed the direct road and came to Caprarola, the palace of Cardinal Farnese, and the most famous in all Italy.¹ I have seen nothing in this country to be compared with it. The upper part of the structure is in the form of a terrace built so that the tiled roof is invisible. It is pentagonal in shape, but has all the look of being a square. The interior is a perfect circle with wide corridors running round, arched and painted all over. The mass of building is immense, all the chambers being square and the large rooms

¹ The famous palace built by Vignola for Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, which was begun in 1547 and finished in 1559.

very beautiful. Amongst these is one, a marvel, which has in its vaulted roof the celestial world with all its constellations, and on its walls the terrestrial with all the regions accurately displayed, every detail being richly painted on the wall aforesaid. In other places are pictorial representations of the most heroic deeds of Pope Paul III., and of the house of Farnese. The personages represented are so life-like that the portraits of our Constable, of the Queen Mother, or of her children, Charles, Henry, the Duke of Alençon, and the Queen of Navarre, will be recognised at once by any who may see them; and the same may be said with regard to King Francis, Henry II., Pietro Strozzi, and others. At the opposite ends of one of the saloons are portraits of King Henry II. and King Philip. Under King Henry's portrait—which occupies the place of honour—is written, *Conservatore di Casa Farnese*, and under King Philip, *Per li molti beni da lui ricevuti*: in addition to these, there are many beautiful objects worth see-

ing, amongst others, a grotto in which an artificial spray of water falling into a basin conveys, both to ear and eye, the notion of natural rain. The villa is situated in a barren mountainous country, and the water for the fountains must needs be brought from Viterbo, eight miles distant.¹

We pursued our way over a level road running through a vast plain of wide pastures, in the midst of which we came upon certain spots where there was no grass, and where springs of clear cold water gushed forth, but this water reeked so strongly of sulphur that it might be smelt a long way off. After riding twenty-three miles we slept that night at Monterossi, and on the morrow, Sunday, twenty-three more brought us to Rome.

The weather at this season was very cold, with an icy north wind. On the Monday and several days following I suffered from indigestion, and for this reason I took my

¹ There is a full description of Caprarola and all the works therein in Vasari, vol. vii. p. 107 (ed. 1881).



THE AQUEDUCT OF NERO

From Piranesi's Views of Rome



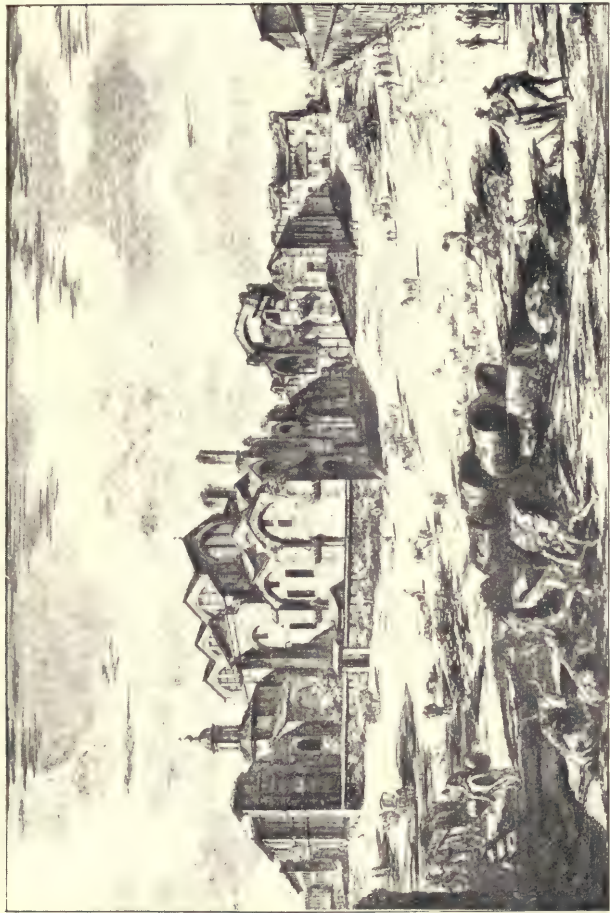
meals apart, so I might eat less. From the effects of a purge I felt an improvement in my general health, but my head still gave me the same discomfort. On the very day of my arrival at Rome I received a letter from the Jurats of Bordeaux, who wrote to me most courteously concerning my election as the Mayor of their city, and begged me to repair thither to take up the office.

On Sunday, October the 8th, I went to the baths of Diocletian on Monte Cavallo to see the performances of an Italian who, during a long captivity amongst the Turks, had learnt some wonderful feats of horsemanship: for instance, while the horse was going at full speed, he would stand upright on the saddle and hurl a dart with all his force, and at the same moment drop down into his seat. Again, in full course he would get off the horse, grasping the saddle-bow with one hand, touching the ground with his right foot and keeping the left in the stirrup. He mounted and dismounted several times in this fashion, and turned

somersaults on the saddle while the horse was going full speed, and shot arrows from a Turkish bow in front and in the rear with the utmost rapidity. He next rode the horse standing upright on his feet, and bending his body downwards so that his head and shoulders rested on the horse's neck, and then he took a club in hand and, having thrown it off into the air, caught it again during his course. Standing on the saddle he took a lance, with which he struck a glove and transfixed it as if he were running at the ring. On foot he caused a staff to revolve in a circle round his neck, having first set the same going with his hand.¹

On the 10th of October the French ambassador sent a messenger to me after

¹ In the *Essais*, i. 48, he alludes to a similar performance: "J'ay veu un homme donner carrière à deux pieds sur sa selle, demonter sa selle, et au retour la relever, r'accommoder, et s'y r'asseoir, fuyant tousiours à bride avallée. Ayant passé par dessus un bonnet, y tirer par derrière de bons coups de son arc : Amasser ce qu'il vouloit, se jettant d'un pied à terre, tenant l'autre en l'estrier et autres pareilles singeries de quoi il vivoit."



THE BATHS OF DIOCLETTIAN

From Piranesi's Views of Rome

En face p. 116, vol. iii.



dinner to inform me that he would call in his coach to take me, if I might be willing, to see the goods of Cardinal Ursino¹ which were to be sold, the cardinal having died in Naples last summer and left all his vast wealth to an infant niece. Amongst other rare things was a counterpane of taffetas lined with swansdown. In Siena it is common to see the skins of swans entire, covered with feathers, and ready for use, at the price of a crown and a half, and as they are of the bigness of a sheepskin, it takes but few of them to make a coverlet of this sort. Then there was an ostrich's egg carved and beautifully painted, a square jewel casket with certain gems therein, and fitted inside with mirrors in such fashion that the casket, when opened, seemed in every way much larger than it really was, while the gems were multiplied tenfold, each stone being exhibited many times by the reflection in

¹ Fulvio Orsini, made a cardinal in 1565. He had been entrusted by Gregory XIII. with a special mission to France. He died at Naples aged fifty-one.

the mirrors. Meantime it is hard to perceive that these are really mirrors.

On Thursday, October the 12th, the Cardinal of Sens fetched me in his coach to visit the church of St. Giovanni e Paolo, from which he takes his title: he is, moreover, Superior of those friars who make distilled waters and perfumes at their house on Monte Celio, of whom I have already spoken. It would seem that the loftiness of this site is artificial, the whole of the space beneath being vaulted with vast corridors and apartments underground. Legend says it was formerly the Forum of Hostilius. From the garden and vineyards of the friars the prospect is very beautiful, for both old and new Rome lie open to the view. The whole place, from its precipitous height and the deep ravine at its foot, is cut off and inaccessible from almost every point.

This same day I handed over to a carrier a well-packed box for transit to Milan, a journey which the muleteers generally make in twenty days. The box weighed one



ROME

From Civitates Orbis Terrarum

To face p. 179, vol. iii.



hundred and fifty pounds, and I had to pay four baiocchi or two French sous per pound. Inside it were many things of value, notably a very fine neck-chain of the *Agnus Dei*, the finest to be had in Rome. This ornament had been made specially at the order of the ambassador of the empress, and a gentleman had taken it to the Pope so that he might bless it.

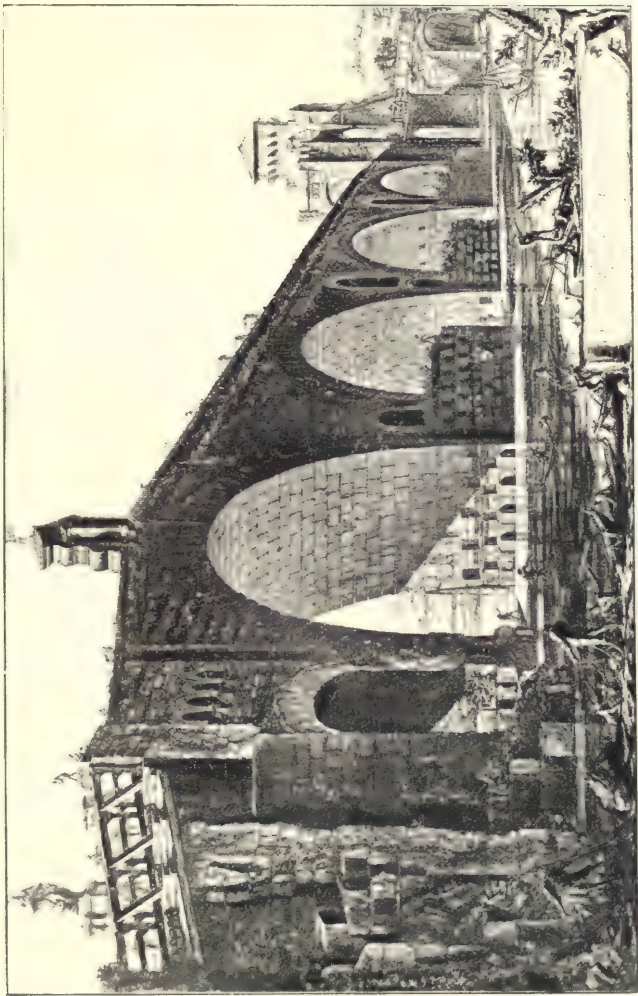
XV

JOURNEY HOME

ON the morning of Sunday, October the 15th, I departed from Rome,¹ where I left my brother with forty-three golden crowns, which money he decided to spend by remaining in Rome for five months and learning the art of fencing. Before I set forth he hired an elegant little apartment for twenty giulios a month.² I was accompanied in the first stage by the Signors d'Estissac, di Montu, the Barone di Chase, Morens, and certain others. And if I had not started before the appointed time, so as to save them the trouble which this courtesy of theirs would have entailed, many more—

¹ It appears that Montaigne only stayed a week in Rome this visit.

² It was during this sojourn probably that Mattecoulon was engaged in the duel referred to in *Essais*, ii. 27.



PONTE MOLLE

From Piranesi's Views of Rome

Table p. 173, vol. iii.

to wit, the Signors di Bellai, d'Ambres, d'Alegra, and several others, would have also gone with me, having got their horses all in readiness. We went thirty miles and slept that night at Ronciglione, having engaged horses as far as Lucca at twenty giulios a horse, the *vetturino* paying all charges on the road.

On the Monday morning I was astonished at the intense cold, cold such as I had never before felt at this season, and to mark that the vintage was still unfinished in these parts. We dined at Viterbo, where I put on my furs and got ready for winter, and went on twenty-nine miles farther to S. Lorenzo for supper, and slept at S. Chirio, after riding another thirty-two miles. All these roads have recently been levelled by the order of the Duke of Tuscany, a work of the greatest service to the public. May God reward him, seeing that he has made what were the hardest roads to traverse to be as easy as the city streets. The influx of travellers Rome-wards is a marvel; for this reason the charge

for horses going thither is exorbitant, while coming away they may be had for nothing. Near Siena, as in many other places, we came upon a double bridge—that is, one with a structure on a higher level by which a stream of water is carried over the chasm. We reached Siena in the evening, after travelling twenty miles.

This night I suffered for two hours from colic, and I fancied I felt the movement of a stone. Early on Thursday morning I went to see one Guglielmo Felix, a Jewish doctor, who talked to me some time as to my general rule of living with regard to my kidneys and the gravel. I then left Siena, and was again troubled with colic for three or four hours. Then the pain came to a crisis, and I was assured that a stone must have passed. We travelled twenty-eight miles and supped at Pontaelce,¹ where I passed a stone bigger than a grain of millet, with a quantity of red gravel, but I suffered no pain. We left on the Friday morning, and halted sixteen

¹ Ponte a Elsa (?).

miles along the road at Altopascio, where we stopped an hour to feed our cattle. On the road we saw divers peasants gathering up the vine leaves, which they keep to use as fodder during the winter; others were collecting ferns wherewith to feed their cows. We slept at Lucca, eight miles farther on, and there divers gentle-folk and craftsmen came to visit me.

On Saturday, October 21st, after having eaten a bunch of grapes (in these travels of mine I have eaten fruit sparingly or not at all in the morning), I set forth without waiting for certain gentlemen who had made plans to accompany me. We travelled over a good road, for the most part level; on the right hand the mountains, thick set with olive trees, and on the left the marshes, with the sea beyond.

At a certain spot in the dominion of Lucca I came upon an engineering work which has partially fallen into ruin through the neglect of the government, a neglect which has been the cause of great loss to the country round.

This was a construction devised to drain and render fertile the marshes aforesaid. In the first place, a deep ditch was dug through the marshes, at the end of which were fixed three wheels, kept in motion by a stream of running water brought down from the mountains so as to fall upon them. To these wheels were attached a number of buckets in such fashion that they took up water from the ditch on one side and threw it over on the other side of the bank into another channel on a higher level. This last-named channel, cut for the purpose and lined with bricks throughout, conveyed the water to the sea, and thus drained all the country round.¹

We passed through Pietra Santa, a fortified town in the territory of the Duke of Florence, with houses in plenty but great lack of people, the report being that most of them either die

¹ These works were begun in 1577 under the direction of a Fleming named Raet, but were subsequently abandoned.

or fall into ill-health on account of the badness of the air. After riding twenty-two miles, we reached Massa di Carrara, a place belonging to the Prince of Massa, of the family of Cibo, in time for supper. Here is a fine castle on the top of a little mountain, and half-way up the ascent, around the castle and below it, are the streets and the houses of the town, surrounded by fine walls. On still lower ground, outside the walls aforesaid, a large town is built on a level site and protected by walls recently erected. The situation, the streets, and the houses are all very seemly, the walls being adorned with paintings. I was forced here to drink new wine, as no other is to be had in these parts. By storing it in casks made of a certain wood, and by treating it with the white of eggs, they clarify it so that it looks like old wine, but it has a taste which is not natural.

On Sunday, October 22nd, we set out over a very level road, with the Tyrrhenian Sea about a crossbow-shot distant on the left

hand. Along this road, between us and the sea, we saw a few scattered ruins, which, according to the report of the country-folk, marked the spot where once stood the great city of Luna.¹

We came next to Sarrezana,² a town under the sway of Genoa, where we marked the Genoese device, Saint George on horseback, and the garrison of Swiss soldiers. The place formerly belonged to the Duke of Florence, and if the principality of Massa did not intervene between the two States it is well nigh certain that the frontier towns, Pietra Santa — Florentine — and Sarrezana — Genoese — would constantly be at blows.

We left Sarrezana, where we were forced to pay four giuli for each horse for a single post, and where there was a great firing of cannon by reason of the arrival of Don Giovanni dei Medici, the natural brother of the Duke of Florence, who was returning from Genoa, whither he had gone, on behalf of

¹ Dante, *Par.*, xvi., alludes to its overthrow.

² Sarzana.

his brother, to pay a visit to the Empress.¹ Many of the other Italian princes had gone there also, and every one was talking of the pomp displayed by the Duke of Ferrara on this occasion. He came to meet the Empress with four hundred carriages. He had asked leave of the Venetian Signory to pass through their territory with six hundred horses, and their answer was that he might cross their boundaries, but with fewer horses; whereupon he bestowed his followers in coaches, and was thus able to take all he desired with a smaller number of horses. I met Prince Giovanni on the road, a handsome young man, with a train of twenty well-equipped followers riding on hired horses, a practice which is no derogation from dignity in Italy, even for princes themselves.

After quitting Sarrezana we left the road to Genoa on the left hand, but for those

¹ This would be the Empress Maria, widow of Maximilian II. and sister of Philip II., who was returning to Spain to enter a convent. Don Giovanni dei Medici was the son of Cosimo I. by Eleanora degli Albizzi.

going to Milan it matters little whether they go by Genoa or not. I had a strong desire to visit Genoa and see the Empress, but I was troubled over the journey I should have to undertake. Two roads lead thither, one of forty miles direct from Sarrezana, which takes three days, and runs through the roughest and most mountainous country. The way itself is stony and precipitous, the inns bad, and the road little used. The other goes to Lerici, three miles from Sarrezana, and there travellers embark and reach Genoa in twelve hours. I could not face the sea voyage on account of my weak stomach, and I shrank from the trouble of finding lodging in Genoa in its present crowded state, even more than from the discomforts of the journey by land. Moreover, I heard that the road from Genoa to Milan was haunted by thieves, and as I was exceedingly anxious to get home, I resolved to leave Genoa aside, and follow the right-hand road through the mountains, keeping always to the valley of the Magra, with the stream to our left.

We passed through the lands of Genoa, of Florence, and of the Malespini severally. The road was good except in one or two rocky broken places; and, after riding thirty miles, we arrived at Pontremoli in time for bed.

This is a straggling town, full of old buildings, which are in no wise beautiful. There are also some ruins, and a legend goes that the town was known to the ancients as Appua. It is now under Milan, its last rulers having been the Fieschi. The first thing served to us at table was cheese, such as is made round Milan and Piacenza, and they offered likewise the most excellent olives, stoned and served with oil and vinegar as a salad in Genoese fashion. A basin full of water placed on a stool was handed round for the washing of hands, and each person had to use the same water. The town stands at the base of the mountains, which rise on all sides.

I left this place on the morning of Monday, the 23rd, and began the ascent

of the Apennines from the moment I left the inn. Though the mountains are high, the road is safe and easy. We were going up and down hill all day, the country being alpine in character and barren, and, after riding thirty miles, we slept that evening at Fornovo, in the dominions of the Conte di S. Secondo. I was glad, indeed, to get out of the hands of the thieves who dwell in the mountains, who use the most barbarous extortion imaginable towards travellers in the charges they make for food and stabling.¹ At table here they put before us various kinds of excellent mustard sauces, one of them being made of quince apples. In this region the price of horse hire is exorbitant, the business being in the hands of men who have no fixed charge and cheat all strangers who may fall into their hands. Travellers, as a rule, pay two giuli a horse for each post, but here they asked me to pay three or four

¹ Fynes Moryson, writing about ten years later, gives quite as bad a report of the inns in these parts. *Itinerary*, p. 164.

or five, wherefore every horse I hired cost me more than a crown per diem; and again, they would often reckon one post as two. This place, Fornovo, was two posts distant from Parma; and, in going from Parma to Piacenza, I had to traverse the same road as if I went from Fornovo to Piacenza, save that by going to Parma I should lengthen my journey by two posts. I determined not to go to Parma, being anxious not to interrupt my plans.¹ Fornovo is a small village of six or seven cottages, situated on a plain and near a river called the Taro, along which we went a short distance on Tuesday morning on our way to Borgo San Doni,² twelve miles distant.

This is a small town which the Duke of Parma is now enclosing with a fine wall well set with bastions. Here at table they gave us *mostarda*³ made with honey, and in it

¹ Montaigne's omission of all notice of the French victory at Fornovo in 1495 is an instance of his freedom from swagger.

² Borgo San Donino.

³ A sort of fruit salad.

oranges cut in strips like quince marmalade, and half-cooked. Cremona is about as far as Piacenza from this place; and, leaving it on our right, we travelled over a fine level road running through a very fertile country, in which there was not a hillock to be seen as far as the eye can reach. We changed horses at every post, and for two posts I made them go at full gallop, so as to test the strength of my loins. I felt no ill effects or weariness therefrom.

Close to Piacenza are two large columns, one on each side of the road at a distance of about forty paces apart. On the bases is written in Latin a prohibition to plant trees or vines, or to raise any building between them. I know not whether this notice aims merely at the preservation of the width of the road or to keep the view uninterrupted, as it is now, from the site of those columns to the town, a distance of about half a mile. At the end of twenty miles we reached Piacenza, where we purposed to sleep.

This is a large city. As we arrived in good time I spent three hours in visiting every part of it, and found the streets muddy and unpaved, and the houses mean. The piazza contains the chief buildings of the place, the palace of justice, and the prison; it is, moreover, the meeting-place of the citizens. It has a few poor shops. I saw the castle, which is now in the hands of King Philip, who keeps there a guard of three hundred Spanish soldiers, and these, according to their own account, are very ill paid. Morning and evening they play the *diana*¹ for an hour on instruments called hautbois in France, and here *fiffari*. The castle has a large establishment, and in it I saw some fine pieces of artillery. The Duke of Parma² never comes near it now, but has lodging, whenever he happens to be in the city, in the Cittadella, a castle in another quarter, thus avoiding the castle, which is

¹ "The name of a march or point of warre, sounded by trumpeters to their general or captain in a morning at their uprising" (Florio).

² Ottavio Farnese.

in King Philip's keeping. In short, I saw nothing noteworthy except the new church of S. Augustino, which King Philip was building in place of another which he had pulled down and used in the construction of the castle. Moreover, he still kept possession of part of the income of the same. The new church is not yet finished, but the beginning is very handsome.¹ The friars' lodgings, seventy in number, and the double cloisters, are finished; indeed with regard to corridors, dormitories, cellars, and other conveniences, this edifice seemed to be the most sumptuous and magnificent I had ever seen, if my memory does not deceive me, dedicated to the service of the Church. At table here they serve the salt in lumps, and the cheese in large pieces without a dish.

The Duke of Parma was awaiting in Piacenza the visit of the Archduke of Austria's eldest son, whom I saw at Insprug; and the rumour was that this prince was on his way to Rome to be

¹ Built from Vignola's design.

crowned king of the Romans.¹ Here they bring you water for hand-washing at table, and also for mixing with your wine, using a large brazen spoon therefor. The cheese they eat is the same Piacenzan cheese which is sold all through the district. Piacenza is exactly half-way from Rome to Lyons; but I was obliged, in order to take the direct road to Milan, to go on and sleep at Marignano, thirty miles distant, from which place it is ten miles farther to Milan.

I prolonged my journey by ten miles in order to see Pavia. On Wednesday, October 25th, I started early over a very good road, and during the way I voided a small soft stone and a good deal of gravel. We went through a small town belonging to the Conte Santafiore, and our road at last brought us to the Po, which we crossed on a sort of platform arranged on a double boat with a

¹ It is difficult to gather the meaning of this sentence. At Innsbruck Montaigne had seen Andreas and Charles, the sons of the Archduke and Philipina Welser, but there was never any question that either of these would attain such a dignity as is here alluded to.

cabin for shelter, this ferry being dragged across the river by means of a long rope which was supported by a row of small boats arranged in the stream for this purpose. Close to this place the Po and the Ticino unite their waters; and hence we reached Pavia in good time after a journey of thirty short miles.

I quickly set to work to visit the principal sights of the city: the bridge over the Ticino; the cathedral; the churches of the Carmini, S. Tomaso, and S. Agostino,¹ which contains the shrine of S. Augustino, a splendid tomb of white marble with many statues. In one of the piazzas of the city is a brick pedestal surmounted by a statue which appears to be a copy of that of Antoninus Pius on horseback before the Capitol at Rome.² This one

¹ Montaigne is here speaking of the Church of S. Pietro in Cielo d'Oro, which at the time of his visit was called S. Agostino. The tomb was subsequently moved into the cathedral, where it remained till 1900, when it was restored to its old site.

² A slip for Marcus Aurelius. This statue was known as the Regisole. There is a legend that it was brought from Ravenna by Charlemagne. It was destroyed at the

is smaller and not to be compared in beauty. What puzzled me was the fact that this statue has stirrups and saddle-bows before and behind, whereas the Roman statue has neither, which makes all the more cogent the opinion of the learned, which maintains that the stirrups and saddle-bows were later additions, some ignorant sculptor having fancied that they had been forgotten. I saw also the building which by the bounty of Cardinal Borromeo has been begun for the accommodation of the students.¹

The town is large and certainly handsome, and full of hand workers of all sorts, but few of the houses are really fine, even the one in which the Empress lodged recently being of little account. I noticed the escutcheon of France, but the lilies had been erased therefrom, indeed there was nowhere anything remarkable to be seen. Hereabout they

end of the eighteenth century in a popular tumult. Fynes Moryson gives a further legend that it was made by magic arts by the Emperor Anastatius for his own image.

¹ This building was begun in 1564.

charged two giuli a post for horses, and the best inn I have entered between Rome and this place is the *Posta* at Piacenza; indeed, I believe it to be the best inn in all Italy, after the one at Verona. The worst I have seen is the "Falcone" at Pavia. Here and in Milan they charge separately for firewood, and the beds are unprovided with mattresses.

I left Pavia on Thursday, October the 26th. I diverged from the road about a mile to the right in order to visit the field where King Francis fought his battle, and found it a level plain. I went also to see the Certosa, which is justly celebrated as a very beautiful church, the façade of the entrance wall being built of marble, and astonishingly rich in ornamentation. On one of the altars is a decoration of carved ivory which represents divers subjects of the Old and New Testaments; and besides this the marble sepulchre of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, the founder of the church, the choir, the ornaments of the high altar, and the large and beautiful cloisters are the

finest things to be seen here. The buildings around are on a vast scale, and have all the appearance of the palace of a great prince from their grandeur, and still more from the number of servants, horses, carriages, artisans, and labourers everywhere apparent. Incredible sums are still being spent upon it, the money being supplied from the income of the brethren. The Certosa stands in a beautiful green plain.

From here to Milan is twenty miles. This city is the most populous in Italy, its granaries and workshops being full of merchandise and craftsmen. It has a great resemblance to Paris, and in general has the look of a French town. It lacks the palaces of Rome, Naples, Genoa, and Florence, but it surpasses them all in size, and is as busy and crowded as Venice. On Friday, October the 27th, I went to view the outside of the castle and walked all round it, and found it of great size and marvellous strength. It is occupied by seven hundred Spanish soldiers and admirably furnished with artillery ; more-

over, the works are still being strengthened on all sides. I stopped at Milan over this day because of the heavy rain which came on ; up to this time indeed I have been very lucky in meeting with fine weather and good roads, and now on Saturday, October the 28th, I left Milan in the morning.

The road was good and level, and though it was flooded by the continuous downpour, it was not muddy, the soil being sandy. At the end of eighteen miles we dined at Buffalora, and then crossed the river Naviglio, a narrow stream, but deep enough to allow the passage of large barges to Milan. Shortly afterwards we crossed the Ticino by boat, and twelve miles farther on reached Novara in time for bed. This is a small town standing on a level plain in the midst of woods and vineyards and fertile fields. We left it next morning, and after going ten miles we halted a little to feed our cattle at Vercelli, a town under the Duke of Savoy, situated on level ground beside the Zeza,¹

¹ Sesia.

which we crossed in a boat. The aforesaid duke, by employing a vast number of men, has built a fort in a very short space of time—a fine strong place, as far as I could judge from seeing only the outside—and has thereby raised the suspicion of his Spanish neighbours. From this place we went through S. German and S. Giaco, small villages, and, travelling all the way over a lovely plain, which is especially fertile in walnuts—for here they have no olives but use only walnut oil—we came, after a journey of twenty miles, to Livorno, a small town with a good many houses, and there stayed the night.

We started early on Monday morning, and travelling over a level road reached Chivas, ten miles distant, in time for dinner, and then onward for ten miles more, crossing on the journey a great number of streams by boat or by a ford, to Turin, whither we might easily have come in time for dinner. This is a small city with much water round about it. It is not very well built or agree-

able, though, to be sure, rills of water run through all the streets to keep them free from dirt. I here hired horses at five crowns and a half each to take me as far as Lyons in six days, the cost of the horses on the road to be included in this charge. They speak French here usually, and were very friendly towards us. The common language here has little else of Italian about it except the pronunciation, most of the words used being French. We left Turin on Tuesday, the last day of October, and dined at S. Ambrogio, two posts farther on; and, after going the same distance over a narrow level space between the mountains, we reached Susa, where we slept.

Susa is a large, populous town. I was here taken with a violent pain in the right knee, a pain which I had felt for several days, and which went on from bad to worse. The inns are better than in other parts of Italy; good wine, bad bread, plenty to eat, such is the rule everywhere in Savoy. After hearing mass on All Saints' Day, I travelled

one post, as far as Novalesse, where I hired eight *marroni*¹ to carry me in a litter up to the top of Mont Senis and down on the other side.

Here French is spoken, wherefore I quit the use of the foreign language, which I can employ easily enough, albeit somewhat incorrectly, not having had the opportunity of giving due diligence thereto through being always in the company of Frenchmen. I crossed Mont Senis partly on horseback and partly in a litter borne by four men, having others ready to relieve them. They carry the litters on their shoulders. The ascent takes two hours, and is stony and difficult for horses which are not accustomed to it, but otherwise without difficulty or danger, for as the road is constructed on the mass of the mountain, there are no precipices and no danger except of stumbling. Below may be seen a plain two leagues long, and on it

¹ "Such men as upon the Alps convey over passengers in sledges or hurdles" (Florio).

divers cottages, lakes, and springs, and the post-house. There are no trees, but plenty of grass and meadows to give pasturage in mild weather. At this season snow lay over all. The descent is about a league, cut out of the rock in a direct line, and I had myself carried down it by the *marrons*, to whom I gave two crowns amongst the eight of them. The charge for the descent is only one *teston*. It was a pleasant bit of sport, but not one needing great courage. We dined at Lanebourg,¹ two posts onward, a Savoyard village at the foot of the mountains, and slept in a small place two leagues farther on. Everywhere we found abundance of trout and excellent wine, both new and old. We started and travelled five leagues over a rough, mountainous road, and dined at S. Michel, where there is a post-house. Five leagues more brought us, late in the day and wet through, to La Chambre, a little town which gives the title of Marquis to a certain family, and there we slept.

¹ Lans le Bourg.

On Friday, November the 3rd, we dined at Aiguebelle, a well-built town, four leagues, and slept at Montmelian, another four leagues farther on. This is a town and fortress which stands on the top of a little ridge rising out of a level plain between two lofty mountains. The town stands at the base of the fort on the river Isère, which passes by Grenoble, seven leagues distant. Here I began to appreciate the excellence of the Italian oil, of which I was never conscious after eating, but I found that the oil of these parts upset my stomach. Two leagues on our road we halted to dine at Chamberi, the chief town of Savoy, a fair busy little place situated at the foot of the mountains at a spot where they recede and leave a fine level stretch of country. Passing on we crossed the Mont du Chat, which is high, steep, and rocky, but in no way dangerous or difficult, and in descending came upon a large lake on which stands a castle called Bordeau, where they make swords which enjoy a great reputation. After a journey of four leagues we rested

for the night at a little town called Hyene.

On Sunday morning we crossed the Rosne, which ran on our right-hand side, after we passed the spot where the Duke of Savoy has built a small fort in a narrow gorge of the rocks. Along one of these is a narrow path at the end of which stands the fort aforesaid, not unlike the one which the Venetians have built at Chiusa in a pass of the Tirolese mountains. We rode seven leagues along the mountain valley, and without halting came to S. Rambert, a small town in the valley aforesaid.

In most of the Savoyard towns a brook runs through the centre, and in the streets, facing either bank of the same, wide pent-houses are set in front of the houses, so that passengers are always protected from the rain, albeit the shops are darkened by this usage. On Monday, November the 6th, we left S. Rambert early in the morning. During my stay there M. Francesco Cenami, a banker of Lyons, who had come there on

account of the plague, sent his nephew to convey to me his polite greetings, and a present of some of his own wine. We were soon quite clear of the mountains and began to enter the level French country. I crossed the river Ain in a boat near the bridge of Chesai and rode six leagues in one stretch to Monloel, a little town where there is much going and coming. It is the last of the Duke of Savoy's dominions. On Tuesday, after dinner, I took horses and went on in two posts to Lyons, where I slept. I was greatly pleased with the town, and on Friday I bought of Joseph de la Sone three strong service horses, with fresh cut tails, for two hundred crowns, having purchased on the previous day of Malesieu a pacing horse for fifty crowns and another curtal nag for thirty-three. On Saturday, Saint Martin's Day, I had a sharp pain in the stomach and kept my bed till mid-day. I felt disordered all day and took no dinner and a very light supper. On Sunday, November the 10th, Signor Alberto Giachinotti, a Florentine

gentleman, who had already shown divers courtesies to me, entertained me at dinner in his house, and offered to lend me any money I might want, though he had never seen me till now.

On Wednesday, November the 15th, I left Lyons after dinner, and, after a journey of five leagues over a hilly road, arrived in time for bed at Bordeliere, a village of one or two houses. Quitting this on Thursday morning we traversed a fine level road, and, close to Fur, a little town; we crossed the Loire in a boat, and passed the night at L'Hôpital, a small walled town, after riding eight leagues. We left this place on Friday morning, and went over a hilly road to Tiers, six leagues distant, the day being rough and snowy, with a cruel wind full in our faces. Tiers is a small town on the Allier, busy, well-built, and populous, the chief industry being in paper-knives and playing-cards. It stands equidistant from Lyons, St. Flour, Moulins, and Puy. The nearer I got to my home the more tedious the journey seemed; in-

deed, as far as concerned the reckoning of the days, the distance from Chamberi to my home seemed a good half of the whole journey from Rome. Tiers is a possession of the Bourbon family and is now held by M. de Montpensier.¹ While I was there I went to see cards made at the factory of one Palmier, a process which seems to require as many workmen as any other fine handicraft. The common cards cost only one sou, but the fine ones are sold for two caroli.² On Saturday we crossed the rich plain of the Lorraine, and after passing in a boat the Douze and the Allier, we arrived at Pont du Château, having ridden four leagues.

The plague has been very bad in these parts, and I heard some remarkable accounts thereof. The dwelling of the Seigneur of the town, the manor-house of the Canillacs, was burnt so as to destroy the pestilence

¹ Louis de Bourbon, who died in 1582.

² A coin struck in the reign of Charles VIII., and called after him.

with fire. The Seigneur aforesaid sent one of his men to me with divers offers of service, and begged me to write to M. de Foix on behalf of his son, who is going to Rome. On Sunday, November the 19th, I reached Clermont, two leagues distant, in time for dinner, and I tarried there for the sake of my young horses. On Monday the 20th I started in the morning, and on the heights of Pui de Dôme I passed a stone, somewhat broad and flat. I had felt it all the morning and even the day before with a slight pain in the kidneys. It was neither very hard nor very soft.

As I passed by Pongibaut I went to pay my respects to Madame La Fayette, and remained with her half-an-hour. This house has not the beauty its reputation warrants, the site being ugly, the garden small and angular, with paths raised some four or five feet, and beds sunk and filled for the most part with fruit trees, the herbs being very scanty. The sides of the sunk beds aforesaid are set with cut stone. It snowed

so fast, and the weather was so rough and cold, that nothing was to be seen of the country. I reached Pont-a-Mar, seven leagues off, and slept there. This is a small village, and while there I heard that Monsieur and Madame du Lude were sojourning at a place two leagues away. I slept that night at Pont Sarrant after riding six leagues.

As far as Limoges this road is badly furnished with inns, which, however, give you tolerably good wine, but they are used only by muleteers and couriers going to Lyons. My head was uneasy, the storms and cold winds and rain were very bad for it; and in sooth it got its fill of discomfort in this journey over a region where the winter is sharper than anywhere else in France. On Wednesday, November 22, I left Pont Sarrant in very bad weather, and, after passing by Feletin, a well-built little town placed in a hollow surrounded by high hills and now almost deserted on account of the recent pestilence, I stopped the night

at Chastein, a miserable little village, five leagues on the road. Here I was forced to drink new unclarified wine, as no other was to be had, and the next day went on five leagues farther to Saubiac, which belongs to Monsieur de Lausun, thence to Limoges, where I stayed all the Saturday, I bought a mule for ninety crowns of the sun,¹ and paid in addition five crowns for maintenance of this mule from Lyons to this place, having been hereby cheated out of four crowns, for the cost of all the other horses for the same distance only amounted to three crowns and two-thirds.

On Sunday, November the 26th, I left Limoges after dinner, and, after riding five leagues, slept at Cars, where I found no one but Madame de Cars at home. I slept on Monday night at Tivie—six leagues—on Tuesday at Perigus—five leagues—on Wednesday at Mauriac—five leagues—and on Thursday, St. Andrew's, the last day of

¹ Escus-sol. "The best kind of crown that is now made hath a little star on one side" (Cotgrave).

November, at Montaigne¹—seven leagues—having quitted this same spot on June 22, 1580, to go to La Fère, my journey having lasted seventeen months and eight days.

¹ Montaigne is in the arrondissement of Bergerac in Perigord. In 1860 the castle was bought by M. Magne, a minister of Napoleon III., and rebuilt. In 1885 it was destroyed by fire.

INDEX

- ABANO, ii. 21, 23
 Agriculture, ii. 186, 187, 191, 192; iii. 33, 84, 85
 Aigues Caudes (Eaux Chaudes), i. 78; ii. 181; iii. 45
 Ammianus Marcellinus, i. 64ⁿ
 Amyot, J., ii. 126ⁿ
 Ancona, iii. 1-4
 Andelot, Sieur, i. 47, 48
 Angelo, Mich., i. 11; ii. 49
 Antiquities, classic, i. 91, 115; ii. 71, 98, 100, 128-131, 166, 185; iii. 7, 84, 118, 119
 Appenino (statue), ii. 44, 47
 Arabian physician, ii. 122
 Arezzo, iii. 22, 123ⁿ
 Ariosto, ii. 34; iii. 110
 Artillery, ii. 164
 Augsburg, i. 9, 129-150; religious factions, i. 149
 Austria, i. 74, 97, 123; Don John of, ii. 127; relations with Lucca, iii. 33

 BADEN, baths of, i. 77-91; cost of living at, 89
 Bagnaja, iii. 162, 165
 Banieres (Bagnères de Bigorre), i. 55; ii. 39; iii. 33, 47, 79

 Baptism, Lutheran, i. 132, 133
 Barbotan, i. 78; ii. 28; iii. 45, 79
 Bartholomew, S., i. 11; ii. 127ⁿ
 Basle, i. 62-67; religious discords, 65; dissoluteness of women, 66
 Baths at Rome, ii. 133, 134
 Beaumont-sur-Oise, i. 25, 26
 Beds, i. 103, 107, 130, 168, 188; ii. 31, 32; iii. 51
 Bembo, P., ii. 10
 Bernabo, spring of, iii. 56, 62, 88, 102
 Bird-catching, iii. 136
 Boccaccio, iii. 152; his will, 107
 Boetie, E. de la, iii. 53
 Bologna, ii. 37-39; factions at, 39; iii. 113
 Bolsena, ii. 68
 Books, confiscated, ii. 77; restored, ii. 139; censored, ii. 175, 176
 Borro, Giov., iii. 123, 124, 128
 Botzen, i. 177-179
 Bracciolini, Poggio, i. 81
 Brenner, pass of, i. 166-172

- Brigandage, ii. 40, 187, 188;
iii. 180
- Brixen, i. 172
- Bulicame, iii. 161
- Bulletin of health, ii. 1, 33,
36, 73
- Buoncompagno, Giac., ii. 84,
165; Filippo, ii. 141*n*
- CALVIN, Calvinism, i. 65, 88,
106; iii. 87
- Canals, ii. 28, 29
- Capello, Bianca, ii. 52, 53*n*;
iii. 28*n*
- Capperonier, M., i. 22
- Caprarola, i. 10; iii. 164
- Caselis, M. de, i. 20, 41, 191;
ii. 20
- Casimir, Duke, i. 61
- Catena, i. 21; ii. 89-91
- Catholicism, latent, amongst
the reformed, i. 85
- Catiline, iii. 30
- Cenis, Mont, iii. 195
- Certaldo, iii. 152
- Certosa, i. 11; iii. 190
- Chaffousine (Fusina), ii. 13,
14, 18, 35
- Chalons, i. 34
- Charles V., i. 48, 97, 143, 167,
185
- Chaumont-en-Bassigni, i. 36
- Chimera, figure of, ii. 58; iii.
102
- Circumcision, rite of, ii. 102-
105
- Clement VII. (Pope), i. 185
- Clesio, Card., i. 182-186
- Coaches of Roman nobility,
ii. 146
- Colleges in Rome, ii. 83
- Colombin, S., ii. 8
- Confraternities, ii. 151, 156
- Cornacchini, T., iii. 127
- Corsena, spring of, iii. 43-
45
- Coryat, T., i. 8, 18; ii. 10*n*
- Courtenay, Earl of Devon,
ii. 11*n*
- Courtesans, i. 18; ii. 17, 18,
115, 146, 148, 160; iii. 105,
108
- Crayfish, i. 71, 131, 187
- D'ABEIN, M., ii. 79, 120, 123;
iii. 168
- Dancing, i. 139, 140; school
of, at Padua, ii. 10; per-
mitted by Lutherans, i. 121
- Dante, iii. 109*n*, 161*n*
- D'Arc, Jeanne, i. 41
- D'Este, Alfonso, Duke of Fer-
rara, ii. 33, 34; iii. 15
- D'Este, Card., ii. 25, 167*n*,
194
- D'Estissac, M., i. 20, 25, 30,
58, 62, 75, 94, 191; ii. 33,
65, 80; iii. 172
- Divizia, Lucchese poet, iii.
72, 73
- Donato, iii. 54, 88
- Dowries to girls at Rome, ii.
161-162
- Draining marshes, ii. 30, 31;
iii. 123, 176
- Duel, M. Mattecoulon's, i. 20;
iii. 172*n*
- ELENA, S., baths of, ii. 26-
28
- Empire, politics of, i. 85, 97;
unpopularity of the Emper-
ror, i. 85

- Empoli, iii. 109
 Estienne, H., ii. 125
 Etruscan writing, iii. 113
 Excommunication, sentence of,
 ii. 148-150
 Exorcism, ii. 111-113
- FACTIONS, French and Span-
 ish, at Bologna, ii. 39; at
 Lucca, iii. 163
 Fano, iii. 6, 8
 Farnese, Alessandro (Cardinal),
 ii. 178ⁿ; iii. 164
 Faron, S., i. 28
 Fencing, i. 134; ii. 10; iii.
 103
 Ferdinand of Tirol, i. 155, 159,
 161, 162; his sons, i. 163,
 166; iii. 186, 187
 Ferdinand I. (Emperor), i.
 164, 167
 Ferrier, A. de, ii. 14
 Ferrara, ii. 33-36
 Ferries, i. 76; ii. 31, 32
 Flaminian Way, ii. 181; iii.
 10, 12
 Flax, iii. 160
 Fleur-de-lys, ii. 52; iii. 28,
 117, 189
 Florence, ii. 47-59; iii. 93-
 108; want of culture in, ii.
 59
 Foix, M. de, ii. 141
 Foligno, ii. 189
 Fornovo, i. 8; iii. 183
 Forum Romanum, ii. 98
 Fossombrone, iii. 9
 French popular in Tuscany,
 ii. 66
 Fuggers, the, i. 23, 143,
 186
 Furlo, pass of, iii. 11, 12
- GARDA, lake of, i. 190-193
 Gardens, at Augsburg, i. 140-
 143; at Rome, ii. 159-160;
 Petraja, ii. 54-55; *see also*
 "Tivoli" and "Pratolino"
 Gate, mechanical, at Augsburg,
 i. 164-166
 Germain, Mary, i. 21, 37-39
 Germany, Montaigne's liking
 of, i. 6, 7, 179, 188; ii. 9;
 iii. 65
 Grammont, M. de, i. 26ⁿ
 Greece, Montaigne's project to
 visit, i. 188
 Gregory XIII. (Pope), i. 10;
 ii. 67, 80-85, 88, 114, 138,
 161, 162, 185
 Grynæus, i. 64
 Guillot's at Amiens, iii. 23
- HADRIAN'S villa, ii. 171ⁿ,
 173; his palace at Pisa, iii.
 113
 Hala, i. 160, 165; salt works,
 161
 Hannibal, iii. 25
 Hasdrubal, iii. 9, 17
 Hautoy, M. de, i. 191; ii. 65,
 80
 Helfenstein, Count of, i. 128
 Henry II. of France, i. 10;
 iii. 165
 Henry III. of France, ii. 13,
 17ⁿ, 79ⁿ
 Henry VIII. of England, ii.
 119, 120
 Heresy suspected in Mon-
 taigne's writings, ii. 139,
 140, 175, 176
 Hildegard, S., i. 119
 Hosius, Card., ii. 177
 Hottoman, F., i. 7, 64, 179

- Huguenots, i. 119; ii. 97, 126, 149
- INNS, charges at, i. 111; deficiencies in, ii. 9, 49, 50; iii. 101, 111, 131, 190, 194
- Innkeepers, knavery of, ii. 40, 41; iii. 182
- Innsbruck, i. 158-166
- Italian ladies wanting in beauty, ii. 49, 107; iii. 8
- JANICULUM, ii. 94
- Janus, temple of, ii. 99*n*
- Jesuates, ii. 3, 7, 35
- Jesuits, i. 12, 127, 134, 149, 153, 165; ii. 196
- Jews, ii. 5; races in the Corso, ii. 106; doctor consulted by Montaigne, iii. 174
- Journal, Montaigne's, discovery of, i. 2; written in Italian, iii. 56; again in French, iii. 195
- KEMPTEN, i. 115-123
- Kitchens, i. 72, 73
- Königsfelden, abbey of, i. 75, 76
- LA FERRE, i. 25, 26*n*, 61; iii. 205
- Le More's, at Paris, iii. 23
- Leonore, daughter of Montaigne, i. 173; iii. 198
- Leopold of Austria, i. 76*n*
- Lepers in Germany, i. 102
- Lindau, i. 103-112
- Livy, ii. 11, 21*n*; iii. 25
- Lodgings, i. 89; iii. 39, 51, 101, 111; badness of, at Florence, ii. 49, 50
- Loreto, i. 10, 12, 13; ii. 196-209; iii. 147
- Lovarella, its famous inn, iii. 23
- Lucca, iii. 33-35, 132-138, 148-150; military service in, iii. 46, 50, 63; judicial system, iii. 74, 147
- Lucca, baths of, iii. 37-92, 138-148; peasants sceptical of the virtue of the waters, iii. 147; plethora of apothecaries, iii. 39, 147
- Lutherans, i. 97, 105, 113, 119, 131, 132
- Lyons, iii. 200
- MACERATA, ii. 194
- Magnus, S., i. 125
- Maldonat, M., i. 32-34, 81; ii. 158
- Mangot, M., ii. 124
- Marriages, mixed, i. 136; ceremony at the house of the Fuggers, i. 139
- Marteau, M., i. 13; ii. 205
- Massa, iii. 177
- Mattecoulon, M., i. 20, 25, 191; ii. 65, 80; iii. 172
- Maximilian I. (Emperor), i. 158; his tomb, i. 163; ii. 213
- Mayoralty of Bordeaux, i. 19; iii. 146, 167
- Meaux, i. 25-31
- Medici, Cath. dei, i. 10, 32, 64; ii. 141*n*; iii. 165
- Medici, Cosimo I. (Grand

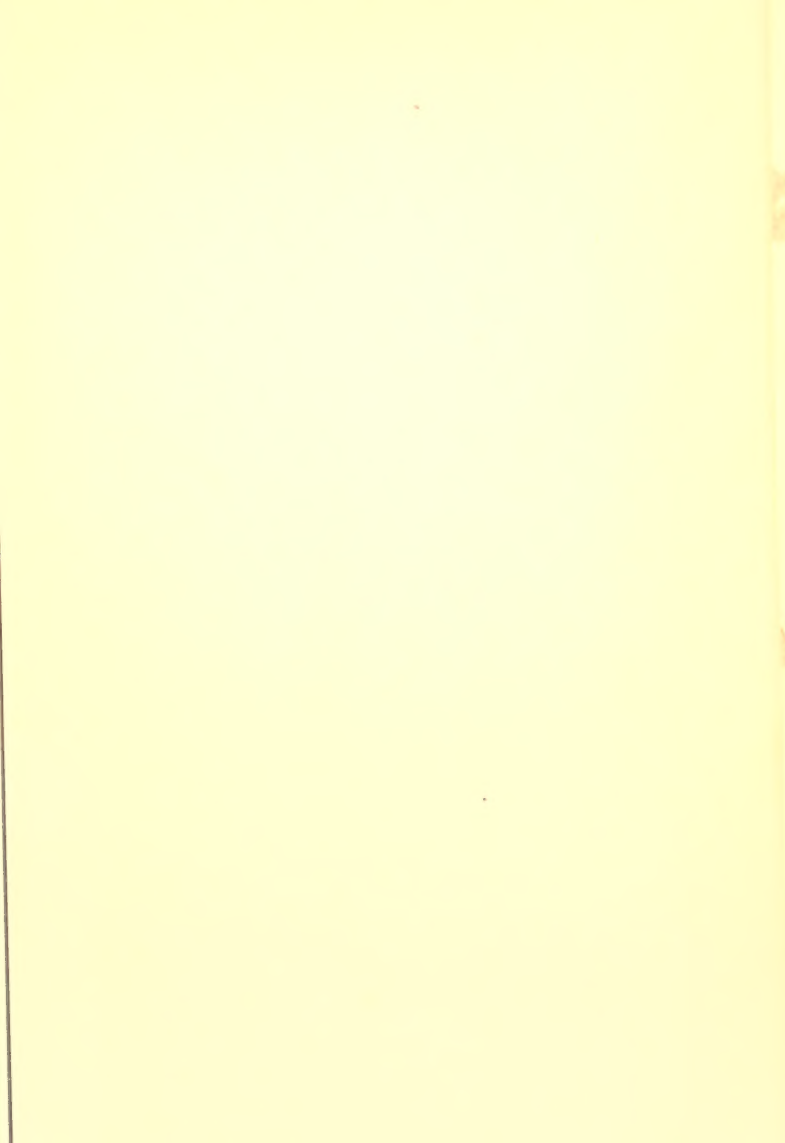
- Duke), i. 48, 51; iii. 96, 114, 123, 179ⁿ
- Medici, Ferd. dei (Card.), ii. 53, 78, 88, 149; iii. 102, 178ⁿ
- Medici, Francesco dei (Grand Duke), ii. 48, 52, 63; iii. 21, 30, 95, 99, 101, 110, 173
- Medici, Lorenzino dei, iii. 114
- Medici, Piero dei, iii. 120
- Milan, iii. 191, 192
- Miracles, i. 147, 156; Montaigne's acceptance of, i. 13; ii. 205
- Mirandola, Pico della, iii. 16
- Montaigne, begins his journal, i. 25; his liking for Germany, i. 7, 179, 188; ii. 9, 49; iii. 65; his praise of stoves, i. 86, 94, 187; honour done to him in Augsburg, i. 9, 136, 137; his courage, i. 19; iii. 140; conformity to local custom, i. 84, 138; ii. 70; appreciation of good citizens, i. 183; his habit of diet, i. 103; partiality for Jesuits, i. 12; ii. 145, 146; illnesses, i. 16, 54, 170; ii. 38, 100, 105, 134; iii. 25, 43, 131, 139, 141, 144; incongruities of style, i. 23; censure of irreligion, ii. 2; recognition of the power of the Church, i. 15, 16; acceptance of miracles, i. 13; ii. 205; mayoralty of Bordeaux, i. 19; iii. 146, 167; travel requisites forgotten, i. 109; offended by the Archduke of Tirol, i. 162; his philosophy of travel, i. 189, 190; iii. 134; remarks on the site of Rome, i. 15; ii. 75, 95-100; iii. 170; on its civil liberty, ii. 76; on scenery, i. 14, 157, 158; ii. 191, 192; iii. 38; fear of sea-sickness, ii. 19ⁿ; pleasure of travel, i. 172-175; patience under pain, i. 17; ii. 186; fear of dew, i. 187; ii. 71; wariness in choosing an inn, ii. 42; resolves to revisit Venice, ii. 23; leaves books at Padua, ii. 23; dines with the Grand Duke of Florence, ii. 53; with the Cardinal de Sens, ii. 85-88; with the French Ambassador, ii. 123-126; adverse criticism of Florence, ii. 54, 59; does justice to it, iii. 105; indifference to art, i. 10, 11; excess of Frenchmen in Padua, ii. 10; in Rome, ii. 74; his books seized, ii. 77; restored, ii. 139; censured, ii. 175, 176; his audience with the Pope, ii. 80-82; discontent with guides, i. 90, 101; ii. 95; attends a Jewish service, ii. 100, 101; ceremony of circumcision, ii. 102-105; public executions, ii. 111-113; his remarks on Roman ladies, ii. 107, 108; begins to write the journal himself, ii. 110; comparison of Rome and Paris, ii. 133; on Roman preaching, ii. 143-145; on the salubrity of the climate, ii. 159; on his superficial

- knowledge of the place, ii. 161; grant to him of Roman citizenship, ii. 164-166; visits the Vatican library, ii. 117, 122; fixes an *ex voto* at Loreto, ii. 198; his remarks on the baths of Lucca, iii. 47, 54, 55, 78, 81, 147; on the judicial system of the state, iii. 74; on military service, iii. 50, 63, 132-138; on medicine, iii. 77, 78, 147; on democratic bearing, iii. 91; gives a ball, iii. 67-74; adopts party emblems, iii. 89; sees an operation at Basle, i. 66, 67; sees Boccaccio's will, iii. 107; a display of equitation, iii. 167; a card factory, iii. 201; returns to Rome, iii. 166; leaves it finally, iii. 172; impressions of Milan, iii. 191; leaves his arms at Plombières, i. 55; at Augsburg, i. 150; in Lucca, iii. 144; musical taste of the peasantry, iii. 110; is begged to reside in Rome, ii. 176; his purchases in Pisa, iii. 122; leaves Milan, iii. 192; crosses Mont Cenis, iii. 195; leaves Lyons, iii. 200; returns to Montaigne, iii. 205
 Montefeltro, Federigo di, iii. 14, 15ⁿ, 16ⁿ; Guidobaldo di, iii. 15ⁿ
 Montirandet, i. 36; strange case of a woman there, i. 36, 37
 Moryson, Fynes, i. 8; ii. 15ⁿ, 17ⁿ; iii. 182ⁿ, 189ⁿ
- Moscovite Ambassador at Rome, ii. 115, 117, 137
 Mulhouse, i. 60; the host at the "Grapes," 61
 Munich, i. 151, 153
 Munster, Seb., i. 64, 110, 135ⁿ
 Muret, Marc. Ant., ii. 123
- NARNI, ii. 183
 Necessaries of travel, i. 109
 Neufchateau, i. 42, 43, 45
- OGIER the Dane, i. 28, 29
 Operation at Basle, i. 66, 67
 Ostia, ii. 127, 130; saltworks, 131
- PADUA, i. 11; Frenchmen at, 5; ii. 9-13; cost of living at, ii. 20
 Palladio, ii. 7ⁿ
 Paré, A., i. 21, 37ⁿ, 38, 39
 Parma, iii. 183; Duke of, iii. 185, 186
 Paul III. (Pope), i. 11, 116; iii. 10ⁿ, 161, 165, 171
 Pavia, iii. 187-190; battle of, iii. 190
 Peter's, S., i. 11; ii. 78, 135, 149, 152, 155
 Peter and Paul, SS., ii. 156, 157
 Petraja (Castello), ii. 54-58; iii. 26
 Petrarch, iii. 24
 Petrino, ii. 188
 Philosophy of Travel, i. 189-191
 Piacenza, iii. 184-187
 Piccolomini, S., iii. 103

- Pietramala, ii. 43
 Pilgrimage churches at Rome, ii. 138, 141
 Pinitesi, L., iii. 90, 133, 137
 Pisa, iii. 110-128; baths of, 129, 131; earth in Campo Santo, i. 14; iii. 116; insalubrity of, iii. 123
 Pistoia, iii. 29-31
 Plater, F., i. 62, 64
 Plommieres (Plombières), i. 45-55, 170, 187; iii. 79
 Plutarch, ii. 118, 123-126
 Poggio a Cajano, iii. 28, 29
 Portuguese homage at Rome, ii. 135; strange sect of fanatics, ii. 136
 Posting, ii. 69, 70; iii. 2, 93
 Poussay, i. 43, 56
 Praie (Praglia), ii. 22
 Prato, iii. 27, 28
 Pratolino, i. 9; ii. 43, 45, 64, 170, 172; iii. 106
 Provisions, table, i. 73, 74, 107, 109; in Rome, ii. 134, 135; Lucca, iii. 39-41
 Prunis, M., i. 2
- QUAILS, iii. 3
 Quarrel with guide, i. 100, 101; with vetturino, ii. 193; iii. 155; of priests and friars at Pisa, iii. 126
 Querlon, M., i. 22. 42*n*, 76*n*, 80*n*, 164*n*; ii. 205*n*
- RACES, ii. 106; iii. 96-98, 102
 Rats, i. 138
 Religious toleration, i. 16
 Remiremont, i. 57; strange tenure of land, *ib.*; nuns of, i. 58
 Renegade, story of, iii. 48-50
 Ricchieri, L., ii. 32
 Riva, i. 191, 192
 Roads, safety of, in Tirol, i. 169; state of, in Lombardy, ii. 37; in the mountains, ii. 41, 42, 68; improved by Gregory XIII., ii. 183
 Rohan, Duke of, i. 179*n*
 Roland, i. 29*n*
 Rome, Montaigne's impressions of, i. 15; his stay there, ii. 72-180; iii. 166, 172; remarks on site of, ii. 75; on public security, ii. 76; want of clocks, ii. 91; cold of winter, ii. 93; buildings, ii. 97; comparison with Paris, ii. 133; street life, ii. 146; pleasures of sojourn, ii. 161, 164
 Ronciglione, ii. 69
 Rovere, i. 187-193
 Rovigo, ii. 31-33
 Running at the ring, ii. 110
 Rynach, Claude de, i. 50
- SAINTE BEUVE, i. 2
 Santa Rotonda (Pantheon), ii. 156; iii. 114
 Sarrezana (Sarzana), iii. 178, 179
 Savoy, Duke of, i. 82, 94; iii. 192
 Scenery, Montaigne's delight in, i. 14, 157, 158; ii. 191-193
 Schaffhausen, i. 91-96
 Sculpture, i. 11; at Florence, ii. 48; at Tivoli, ii. 170-171
 Sea sickness, ii. 19*n*

- Secretary, Montaigne's, i. 7, 22; takes on luggage by water to Augsburg, i. 125; is left at Rovere, i. 192; takes on luggage to Verona, i. 193; goes on in advance from Battaglia, ii. 26; makes a bargain for rooms at Florence, ii. 50; finishes his work as amanuensis, ii. 110
- Seno, Cardinal of, ii. 85-88; iii. 170
- Shooting grounds, i. 92, 134
- Sibyl, temple of, ii. 174
- Siena, ii. 60-65; iii. 99, 152, 174
- Silvester II. (Pope), ii. 142-144
- Sinigaglia, iii. 5-7
- Sirleto, Card., ii. 121
- Sistine Chapel, ii. 113
- Snakes, iii. 59, 60
- Spanish homage for Portugal, ii. 137
- Spoletto, ii. 184, 185
- Standards, captured French, at Florence, i. 8; ii. 48
- Straw plaiting, iii. 26, 30
- Strozzi, P., i. 31; ii. 48; iii. 165; family, i. 51; iii. 97, 98
- Switzerland, i. 60-96; politics of, i. 82; customs, i. 83-85
- TABLE fare, i. 107, 109, 148; ii. 49, 110, 134, 135; service, i. 70-73, 84, 85, 102, 126, 131, 148; ii. 49; iii. 31
- Tacitus, i. 80
- Tasso, i. 21; ii. 36, 37ⁿ
- Terelle, J., i. 30
- Terni, ii. 184
- Theatre, ii. 38
- Theology, i. 65, 88, 106, 113, 114
- Tillianus, T., i. 121
- Tirol, i. 155-192; riches of, i. 177
- Tivoli, i. 9; ii. 166-174; iii. 106, 163
- Travel, cost of, i. 110-112, 152; ii. 208; iii. 2, 93; pleasure of, i. 17, 172-175, 188-190
- Tree cultivation, i. 93
- Trent, i. 113, 180, 186
- Treves, Gilles de, i. 40
- Trevi, ii. 189
- Turin, iii. 193, 194
- URBINO, iii. 12-17; Duke of, iii. 5, 8, 9, 19, 21
- VASARI, i. 10; ii. 52ⁿ
- Vatican, ii. 94; library, ii. 117-122
- Vaucouleur, i. 41
- Velabrum, ii. 99
- Venice, ii. 14-18; suspicious policy of, ii. 15; revenues, *ib.*; cost of living, ii. 18; explanation of his short stay there, ii. 23; comparison with Rome, ii. 164
- Verona, i. 193-195; ii. 1-6; arena, ii. 4
- Veronica Franca, ii. 16-17
- Veronica, S., ii. 150, 151
- Vicenza, ii. 7-9
- Virgil, ii. 121, 189







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